The Freedom Riders and the Future

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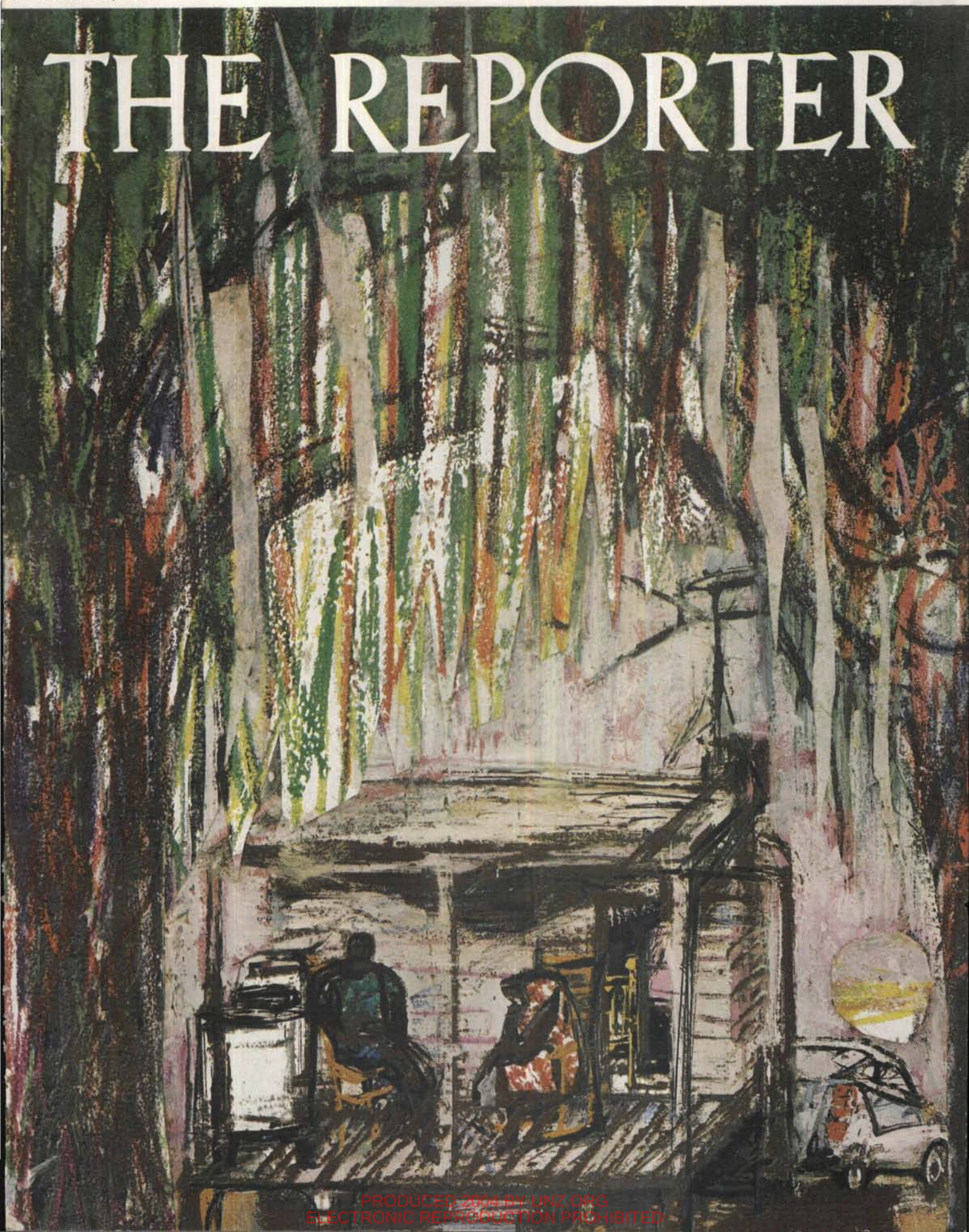

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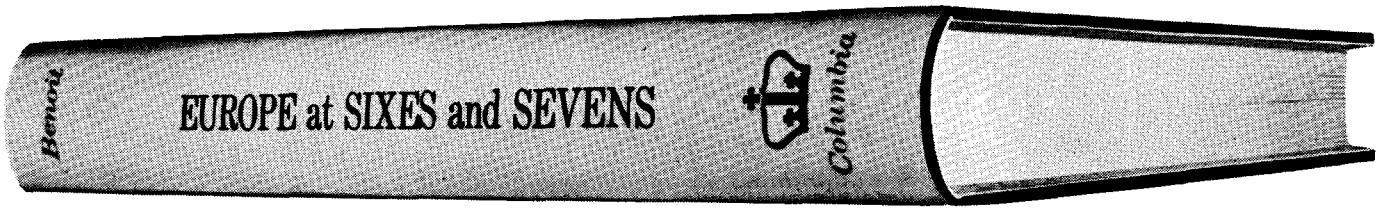

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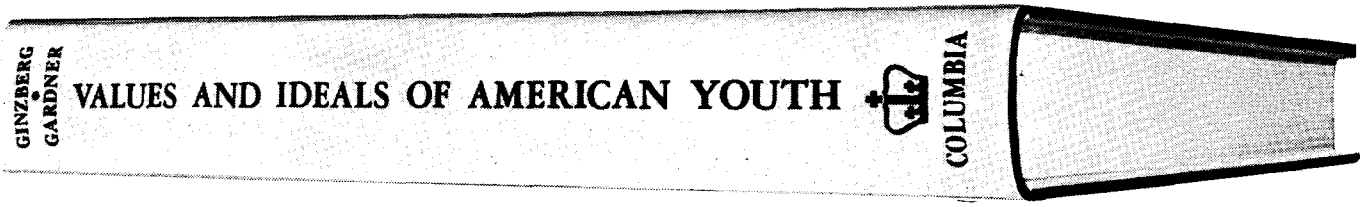

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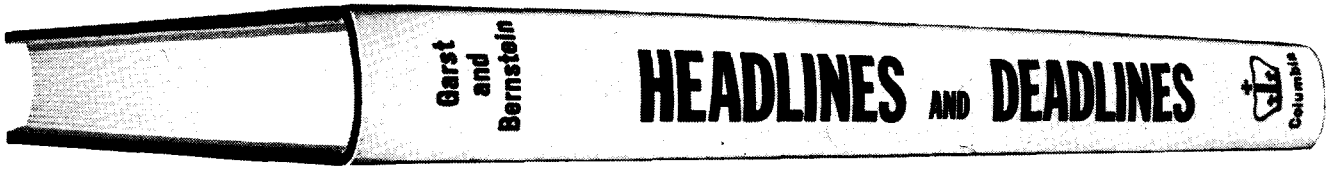

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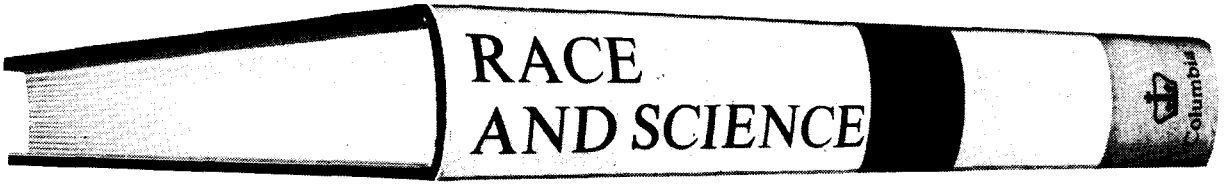

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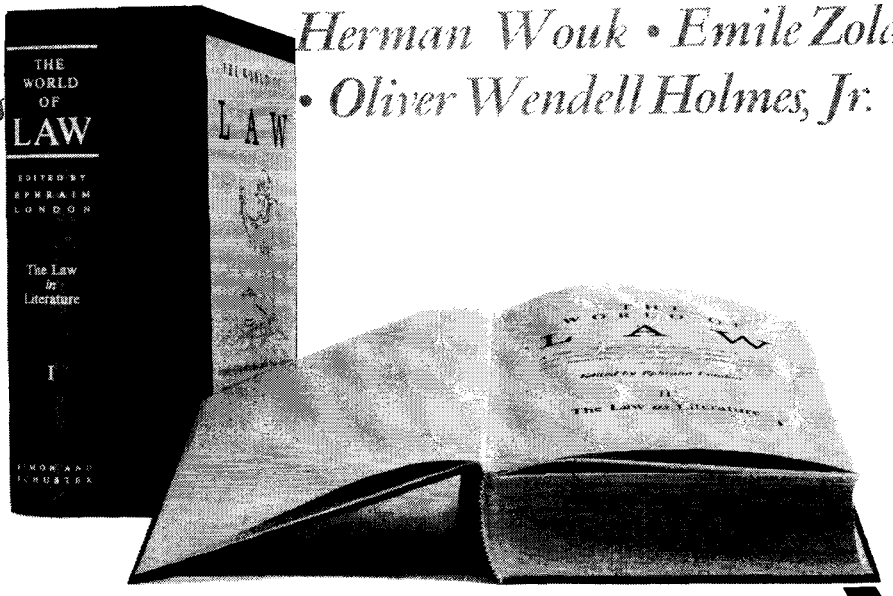

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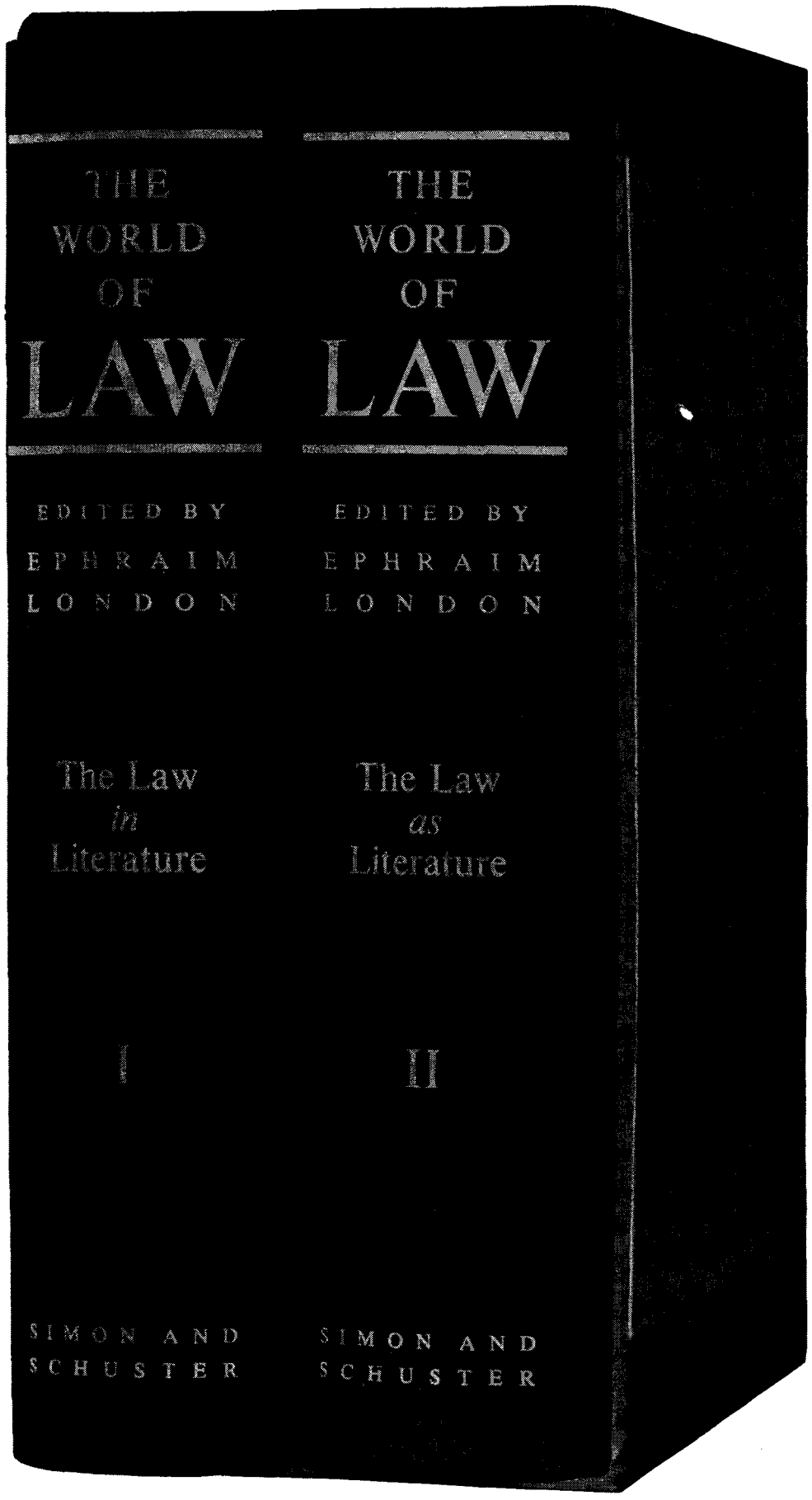

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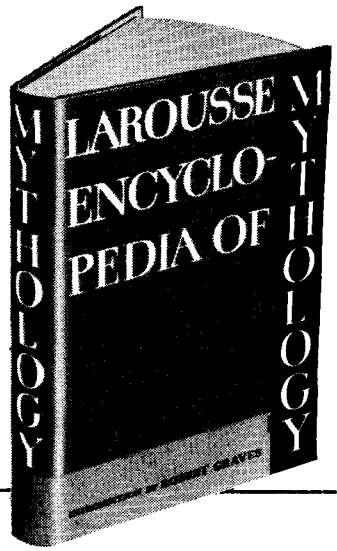

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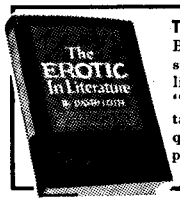

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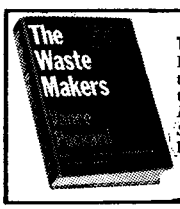

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

AMID all the mindless fanfare that attends our celebration of the Civil War's centennial, new battles constantly remind us that emancipation from slavery did not of itself guarantee to American Negroes what the Fourteenth Amendment calls "the privileges or immunities of citizens." Those who still bear in many ways the painful burden of that previous condition of servitude are even now engaged on many fronts to win the basic rights of equality before the law, and long-smoldering hatred and fear erupt anew into violence from week to week. In this issue, **Eugene V. Rostow,** dean of the Yale University Law School, discusses the latest protests against discrimination in the larger context of the law and that underlying sense of what is right which makes the law. The Freedom Riders, as he points out, are fighting a battle that concerns not just one section of our country but the entire nation. The question of how Negroes are treated in a bus station in Alabama is not just a matter for the courts to rule upon—or even a problem of what the new nations of Africa may think about us—but above all a test of what kind of nation we Americans, all of us, want to live in. . . . Increasingly, the initiative in protests against discrimination in the South is passing to Negro youth. Dissatisfied at the rate of progress in the seven years since the Supreme Court's decision, young Southern Negroes are setting a much faster pace than their middle-aged leaders sometimes find convenient. **David Halberstam,** who covered the Nashville sit-ins for *The Reporter* a year ago, is now in the Washington bureau of the New York *Times*. . . . A work of fiction can often tell more about the news of the day than a journalist's report or a sociologist's tract. We feel this to be the case with the short story by **Shirley Ann Grau** which we are proud to include among the articles featured at the front of this issue. Miss Grau's latest novel, *The House on Coliseum Street*, is being published this month by Knopf.

THE PROBLEMS arising when two racial groups live together in one nation are not confined to the United States. As **Edmond Taylor,** our European correspondent, shows, the negotiations between the French and the Algerian nationalists at Evian may set an example for other areas by producing a formula that will allow Europeans who have deep roots in Africa to remain under conditions that fully protect their rights. . . . In our last issue Meg Greenfield discussed the accumulation of what might charitably be called inconclusive deliberations upon our moral fiber. There is, however, no lack of clear and cogently reasoned reports on what we can do about some of the more tangible problems our society faces. Unfortunately, the recommendations that are worked out at great expense and with great dedication are frequently shelved and sometimes not even read. **Edward T. Chase** is a writer on public affairs and a consultant to many public-service industries. . . . **Gordon Brook-Shepherd,** diplomatic correspondent for the London *Sunday Telegraph,* reviews the widening split between the United States and Britain on the question of Communist China's admission to the U.N. . . . It is sometimes assumed that an American Negro will be more readily accepted as an American representative in African nations than a white American would be. As **Russell Warren Howe** shows, the reverse is often the case. Mr. Howe is a correspondent in Africa for a group of American, British, and Indian publications. . . . **William L. Rivers,** a member of our Washington staff, discusses the redoubtable Congressman John J. Rooney, holder of the State Department's purse strings.

BOTH articles and drawings by **Jay Jacobs** have frequently appeared in our pages. . . . **Nat Hentoff** reviews some recent recordings of traditional Jewish music. . . . **Stephen R. Graubard's** *Burke, Disraeli and Churchill* was recently published by Harvard and reviewed in *The Reporter* of May 11. . . . **Louis M. Lyons** is curator of the Nieman Foundation at Harvard.

Our cover, a scene that might be viewed by any bus passenger in the Deep South, is by **Fred Zimmer.**

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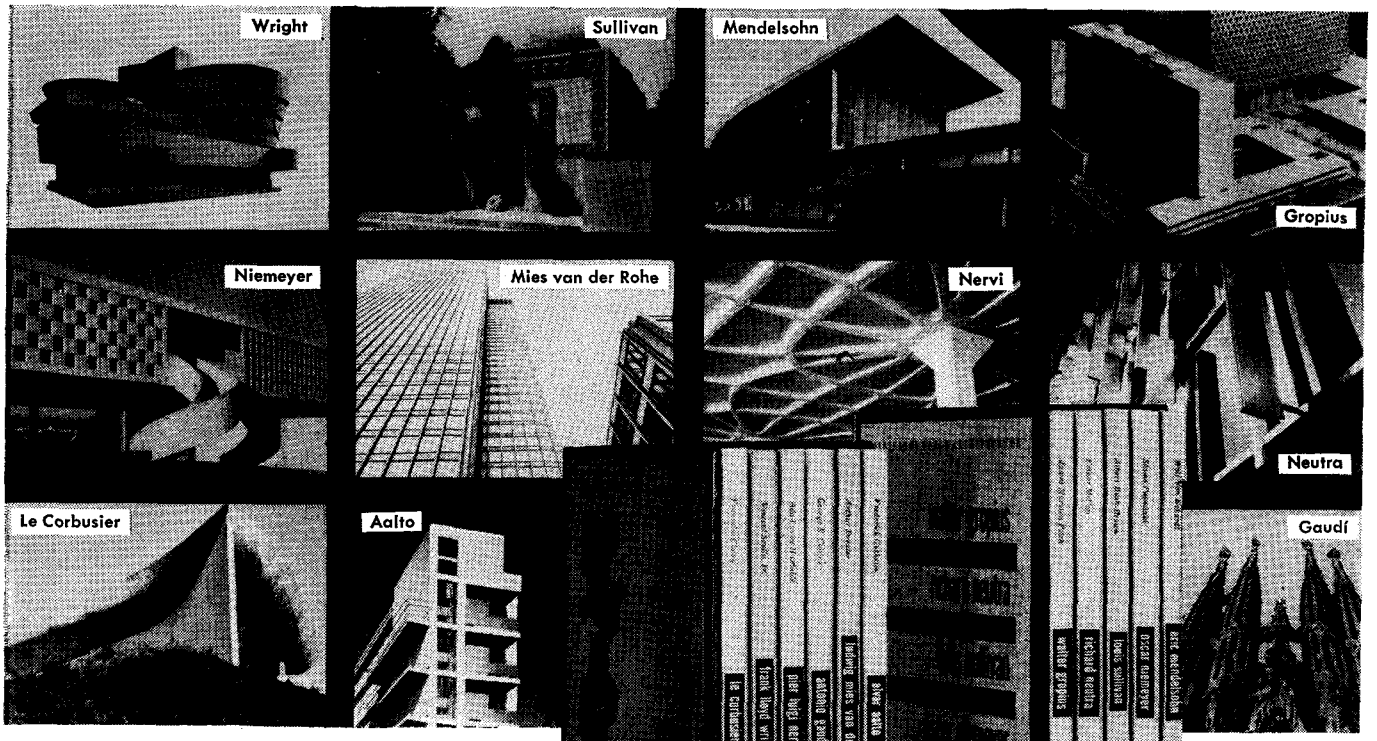

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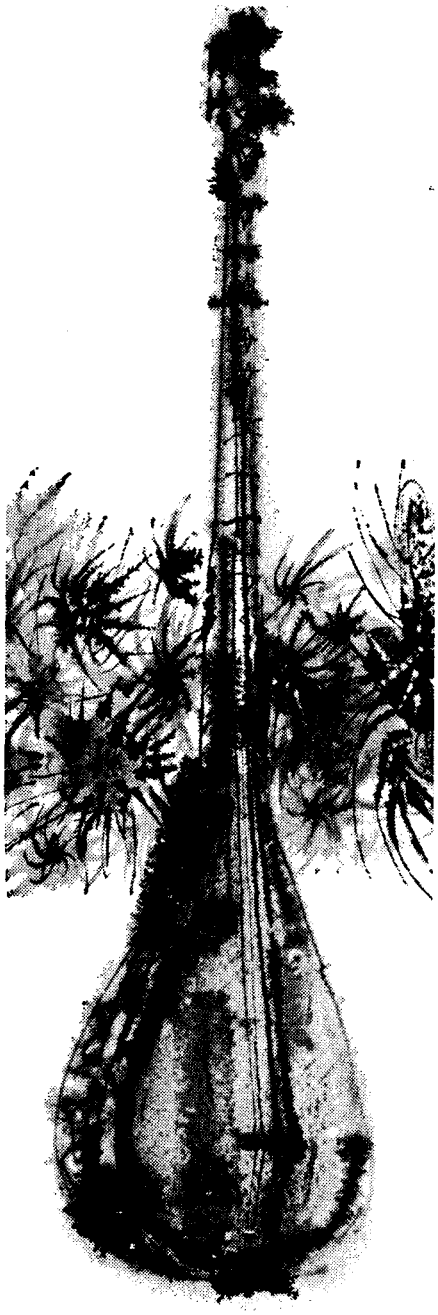

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FOREIGN POLICY

To the Editor: Editorial pages around the country are rapidly becoming unreadable. Your editorial of May 25 ("Foreign Policy After Cuba") makes the spectrum left of center still habitable for one in danger of being tugged to the right.

JAMES H. ROHERTY
Assistant Professor of Political Science
Mount Mary College
Milwaukee

PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS

To the Editor: As one who usually pales when the wind blows from Rome, I must say Daniel P. Moynihan's article "How Catholics Feel About Federal School Aid" (*The Reporter*, May 25) was a reasonable, calm, and useful piece. I especially applaud his "two points": that any public funds going to Catholic schools be "sterilized" against promoting dogma, and that the whole business be strictly experimental.

But I would ask, for whom does Mr. Moynihan speak? Do Cardinals Cushing, Spellman, and Ritter support his proposals? Mr. Moynihan notes: "Catholic liberals are more than adequately aware that their church is viewed with suspicion by a great many non-Catholic liberals who regard it as an enemy of liberty." This is still the problem.

W. H. VON DREELE
New York

To the Editor: Does Mr. Moynihan realize that in asking me to support sectarian teaching for his sect, he must also ask me to support 250 other sects which will also wish to teach their own "brand" of sectarianism? Does he forthrightly support the public school or not? If he says "Yes," then how can he also advocate a system which in a few generations will reduce the public school to a nonentity? If he says "No," then he is denying the judgment of history that democracy is made possible chiefly through the processes of the free public school. In the words of James B. Conant, "To use the taxpayers' money to assist private schools is to suggest that American society use its own hands to destroy itself."

GEORGE H. DIRKSEN
Fresno, California

To the Editor: Mr. Moynihan failed to point out one of the reasons many Americans oppose Federal aid to sectarian and private schools. The public school is one of the most powerful unifying forces in contemporary American life. Americans who deeply believe in the principles upon which this nation was founded, including religious tolerance and freedom of individual conscience, will oppose legislation that would diminish this unifying force.

WILLIAM LYMAN
Birmingham, Michigan

To the Editor: Mr. Moynihan's article, which I enjoyed reading, seems to me a worth-while contribution to a complex and difficult subject.

JOSEPH O'MEARA, Dean
Notre Dame Law School
Notre Dame, Indiana

To the Editor: Mr. Moynihan's excellent article on Federal aid to schools partakes of a certain mass American blindness to the real problems underlying our education, public and parochial alike. He implies what the vast majority of our citizens always assume: that lack of money inevitably means lack of a high level of education. Conversely, pour into our public and parochial school systems enough Federal money and—presto—we will necessarily turn out more and more top scientists, teachers, and business and political leaders. This is patently absurd.

No amount of direct Federal financing will improve our schools, be they "God-centered" or "man-centered," so long as we believe that priming an overall "system" of education is all we need. A deep-seated malady demands more rigorous analysis and, perhaps, a totally new set of aims; possibly in the direction of far less centralized, far more independent schools where a high-school diploma or B.A. is no longer the basic right of every American but can represent what they once meant: real achievement in thinking, choosing, and leading.

FREDERICK P. DAVIS, Vicar
St. John's Episcopal Church
Durant, Oklahoma

To the Editor: Mr. Moynihan concedes that "by and large the local Catholic school is weaker than the local public school . . ." He attributes this to disparity of income. I wonder if this is

Solution to

THE REPORTER

Puzzle #34

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Acrostician—

WERNHER VON BRAUN

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the reason. Could not the absence of independent, critical teaching and a depressing homogeneity of attitude be factors? Since I belong to a tiny denomination (Quaker) which maintains excellent schools and colleges far out of proportion to its membership, I decline to weep for Mr. Moynihan and his schools. His problem lies deeper than money.

PATRICIA P. REIFSNYDER
Philadelphia

To the Editor: Daniel P. Moynihan's Jesuitical presentation of how Catholics feel about Federal school aid failed to mesmerize me. No discussant (either pro or con) of this problem has yet presented the key point in the matter. This point is that the Roman Catholic hierarchy *forces* Catholic parents to send their children to Catholic school. The pressures used are formidable. Parents do not have a free choice and they have no voice in what is taught. To justify the expenditure of public money in a democratic society to foster the development of totalitarian and absolutistic philosophies—be they Catholic, Baptist, Methodist, Lutheran, Hebrew, Communist, or what have you—is nonsense.

S. RAYMOND GAMBINO, M.D.
West Allis, Wisconsin

To the Editor: I have been privileged to attend many conventions of Catholic educators, and I can assure you and Mr. Moynihan that there is no such thing as "Catholic opinion" on this matter of Federal aid to education.

BROTHER URBAN, O.S.F., Ph.D.
President
St. Francis College
Brooklyn

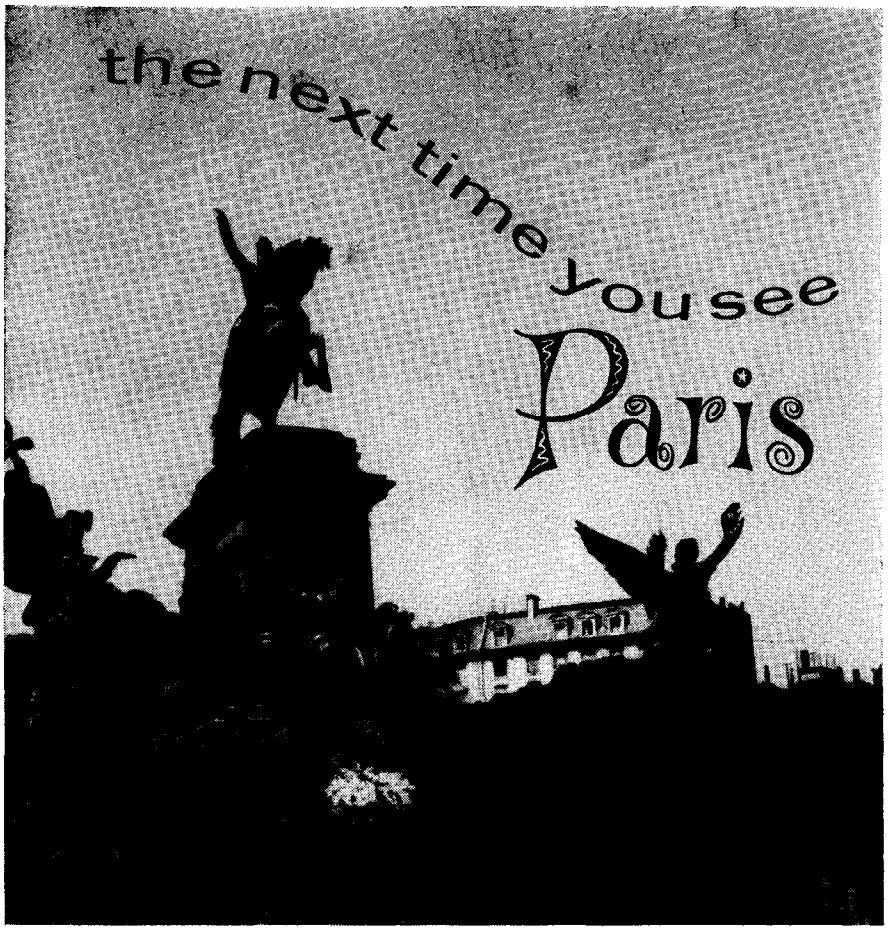
To the Editor: In his discussion of the question of Federal aid to parochial schools, Mr. Moynihan has done a great service by disposing convincingly of the "Constitutional issue" which has so long been used to cloud the debate. As Mr. Moynihan says, once we have recognized that it is not the Consitution but public policy that is being cited, it will become possible for a reasoned and reasonable dialogue to be established between Catholic and non-Catholic on this thorny problem.

WALDO GRIFFITHS
San Francisco

PUZZEL PUZLE WHO'S GOT TH

To the Editor: I enjoy the Acrostickler, and would enjoy it even more if it were properly proofread. In No. 33, for example, square 81 is not blacked out as it should be, and definition 115 down is missing. Futhermore, in the solution in *The Reporter* of June 8, the Acrostician is listed as Wernher Von Braun *instead of Dean Rusk. To make matters* worse, Von Braun is the Acrostician of Puzzle No. 34, which is on the page facing the solution of Puzzle No. 33.

DAVID G. CANTOR
Princeton, New Jersey



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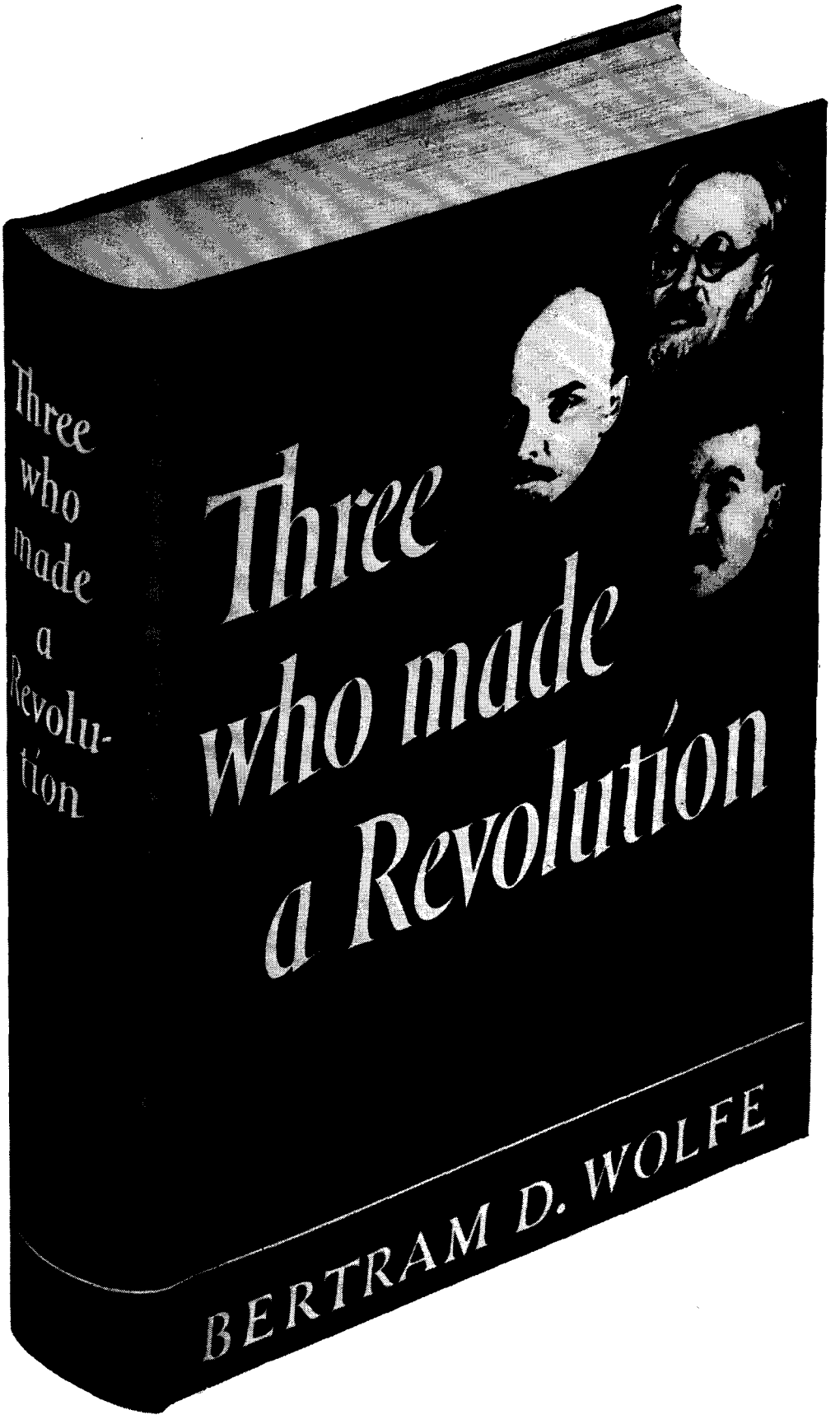

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The President's Trip

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Perhaps the trip was somewhat superfluous for J.F.K., but it was necessary for the President of the United States. As a man, and an unusually cultivated one, he certainly had definite ideas about Khrushchev and de Gaulle; as a senator, he had met them both. But they had not met him as President, and he had never faced them as the bearer of Presidential power. Just before leaving for Europe, the President said: ". . . I recognize that all of you as citizens of the great Republic come with me." Both our greatest friend and our greatest enemy must have felt that the people of America were with their President. Incidentally we, as a tiny fraction of we the people, like this idea of being with the President in his major public ventures, but just for this reason we do not cherish his notion that "all of us are going to the moon," and we prefer to remain earthbound with him.

Now J.F.K., as President, has sized up de Gaulle and Khrushchev and has been sized up by them. They have realized, we are sure, that the President is going to use our nation's strength, which is great, both wisely and, it is to be hoped, peacefully, to strengthen friends and weaken our enemy.

What the President said, in his report to the people, about de Gaulle and about Khrushchev was as thoroughly admirable as the little he had to say about Macmillan. As President of the United States, J.F.K. may have the privilege of gently waking up that great ally of ours, England, which once before he saw asleep. But then he was just a youngster.

True, we could have done without the generalizations the President saw fit to repeat about the consequences of our lost nuclear monopoly. As we have said before over and over again, our stalemate with the Russians started at the very close of the war, and the Communists did not wait for the acquisition of nuclear weapons to bring about changes in their favor all over the world, "through guerrillas or insurgents or subversion." All this tedious talk about the changed balance of power shows only how a certain kind of journalistic punditry can acquire, by sheer weight of repetition, a sort of policymaking function. This is a high-level use of advertising techniques.

After Vienna the President reported: "Mr. Khrushchev . . . presented his views in detail. And his presentation will be the subject of further communications." This is all to the good, provided we do not become too reliant on "further communications," further talks, or on present or forthcoming negotiations. It is good to communicate with the Russians, and to talk and negotiate with them. But there is no virtue in negotiating for the sake of negotiating, as we can see in the general conference on Laos. When any one of the basic subjects of conflict reaches the most crucial stage, what has to be communicated to the Russians, in the most precise and unmistakable terms, is our willingness to act. This, we are convinced, our President has done in Vienna. The somber mood that was so visible on both sides, the entire absence of antics on Khrushchev's part, offers the best possible evidence that the President got this idea through Khrushchev's thick skull. Our confidence in the President has never been greater.

Max Ascoli

PRONOUNCEMENT

As a focal point of utter chaos
I'd call it Laos;
But people in the know espouse
Laos.

Whatever happens there is Laosy
And should dismay us:
No matter what Nikita vows, he
's got Laos.

—Sec

A Familiar Ring

The Republicans are already off and running in the race to elect a mayor of New York City next fall, and Governor Rockefeller has predicted that his party's "fighting team of three dedicated men"—Lefkowitz, Fino, and Gilhooley—is "going to give the Democrats a run for the money in a way they haven't had for years." Well, maybe. One sometimes gets the impression that Republican governors don't really dislike the presence of mediocre administrations in New York City quite as much as they claim they do. The chances of electing a strong fusion ticket seemed unusually favorable this year, but the prospect apparently held little appeal for the Republican leaders. The Republican "fighting team" may be a worthy one, but at this point it scarcely appears to be an inspiring one. Rarely has the pasting together of a balanced ticket with representatives of the hallowed "Three-I League"—Israel, Italy, and Ireland—been more obvious, and the smart bettors do not anticipate that Mr. Wagner will even be breathing heavily at the finish.

Of course, the mayor has certain rituals of his own to perform. The so-called enlightened segments of

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the community are urging him to drop Abe Stark and Lawrence Gerosa as his running mates, and Mr. Wagner seems anxious to oblige. Somehow it all seems very familiar. Our thoughts go back sixteen years to a time when the late Fiorello H. LaGuardia, who was retiring after three terms in City Hall, indicated that he might support the Democratic mayoral nominee, William O'Dwyer, if O'Dwyer could show that he was free of domination by the bosses. O'Dwyer promptly repudiated his two running mates: Irwin Davidson of Manhattan for president of the city council and the aforementioned Lawrence Gerosa of the Bronx for comptroller. Mr. O'Dwyer and his colleagues promptly set about the job of drawing up a new Democratic ticket that would be untainted by what we now call "the image of bossism." To replace the Italian from the Bronx and the Jew from Manhattan, the Democrats decided that it would be nice to give the voters a Jew from the Bronx and an Italian from Manhattan. Lazarus Joseph of the Bronx was nominated to run for comptroller and the only task that remained was to find a dependable Italian in Manhattan. This wasn't as easy as you might suppose, but finally, with time growing short, an obscure Democratic lawyer got the nod. His name was—and presumably still is—Vincent Impellitteri. (In case you've forgotten, Mr. Impellitteri went on to become one of the best-dressed and best-rested mayors the city has ever had.) The 1945 maneuvers did not satisfy LaGuardia, who described the replacement of O'Dwyer's running mates as "a case of rape by acquiesence, and a good time was enjoyed by all."

New York, as the saying goes, is a summer festival.

After the Storm

Via the grapevine, reports now come from the White House of somewhat surreptitious efforts to insert more "structure" into the Presidency. A "Thursday group" of high-level officials from the key departments is gradually taking over some of the functions that belonged to Eisenhower's Operations Coordinating Board, which Kennedy abolished. A

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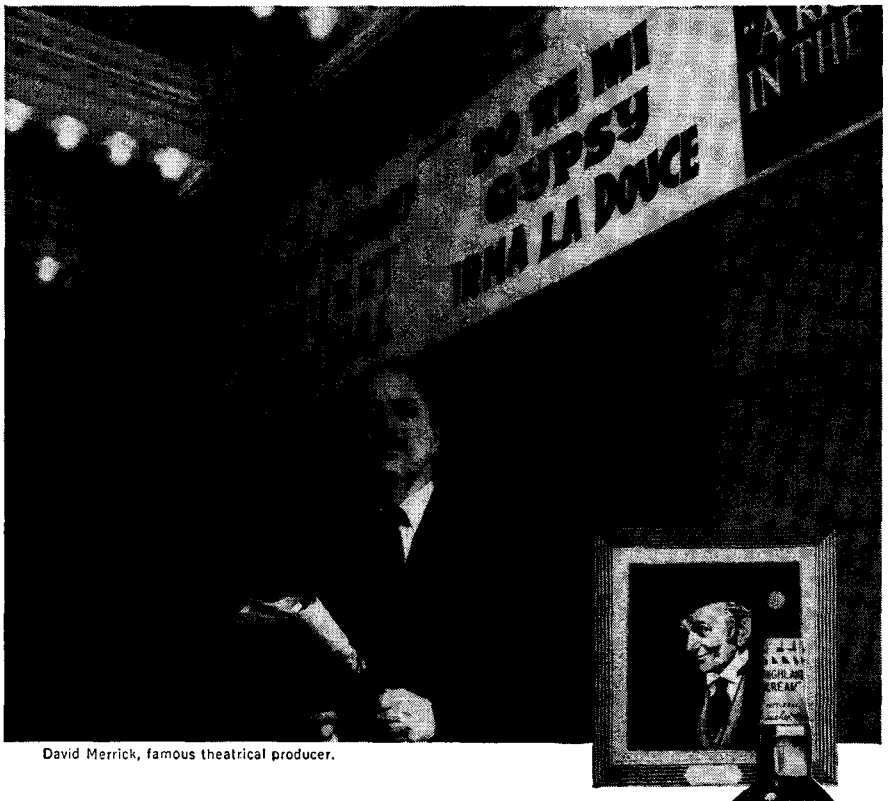

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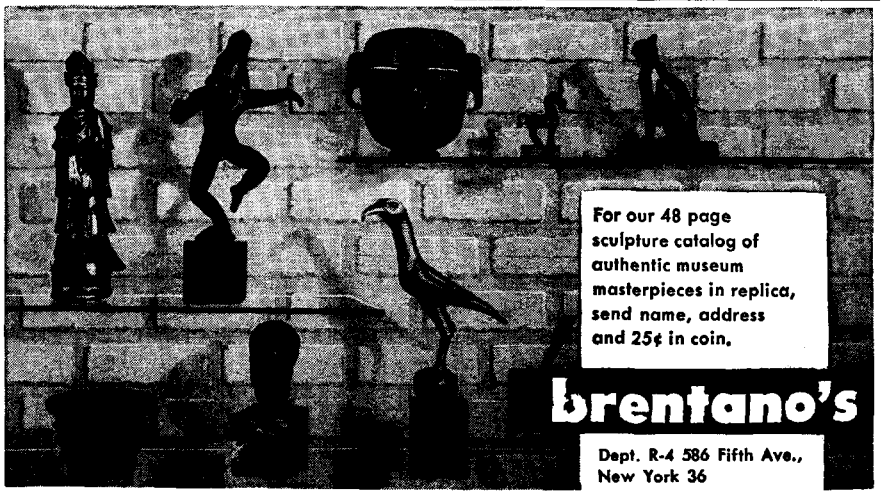
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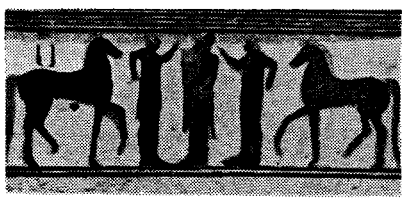

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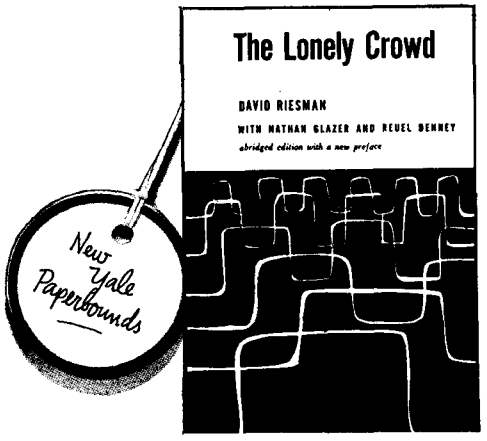
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"Tuesday group," equally informed, substitutes for the old Planning Board under the National Security Council. Task forces have proliferated in place of the old committees. Sorensen, Bundy, and Bell—Kennedy's three chief aides have been seeking ways to try to "co-ordinate" the many burdens they carry.

All this is a far cry from the carefree days at the beginning when the new Presidential assistants were almost boastfully indifferent to organization. Rebelling against the overly structured staff system under Eisenhower, they envisioned a White House staff that would be loosely organized, freewheeling, and always on top of things. There was more than a touch of arrogance among the youthful movers and shakers. Stewart Alsop reports in the *Saturday Evening Post* that he once remarked to Sorensen, "You people here in the White House might turn out to have more real power and influence than more conspicuous figures like members of the cabinet." Sorensen replied, "If you mean that the President intends to run the executive branch of the government with the help of his White House staff, you're right."

The Cuban episode has brought more sober recognition of what running the government actually entails. It has shown, among other things, that it is possible to revert too far from the rigidities of Eisenhower's system. The Kennedy staff, with all its flash and movement, has looked at times as if it were still running a campaign rather than a government.

The Cuban experience has also demonstrated that staff assistants lose their value when they become conspicuous advocates rather than eyes and ears for the President. There may have been too much passion for power, it has been said, among those whose principal passion should be for anonymity.

These Things Were Said

¶ Who cannot but remember the excitement of reading, in 1939, Kardiner's and Linton's account of the chain of effects following upon the shift from dry to wet rice culture in Tanala-Betsileo, with its alteration

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of the relations of family, property, and economic orders, and finally affecting changes in such clinical matters as the frequency of homosexuality?—*From a paper read by Leonard J. Duhl, M.D., Director, Professional Services Branch, National Institute of Mental Health to the Conference on the American Character sponsored by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions of the Fund for the Republic, on May 30 at the Shoreham Hotel in Washington, D.C.*

¶ There shouldn't be any battles over rights. There shouldn't even be court fights. We have to give the colored people pride in themselves and pride in their communities. A fellow who's making money, he doesn't worry about things like riding buses.—*Governor Patterson of Alabama, quoted in Time.*

¶ Slowly people are beginning to realize that the Republic of South Africa is not a stretch of steaming jungle—but rather a modern Western nation, vital and highly civilized, differing from the Republic of the United States of America basically only in size.—*C.R. Swart, South African President, in an advertisement in the New York Times.*

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And leave me on my way
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Then I would be free at last,
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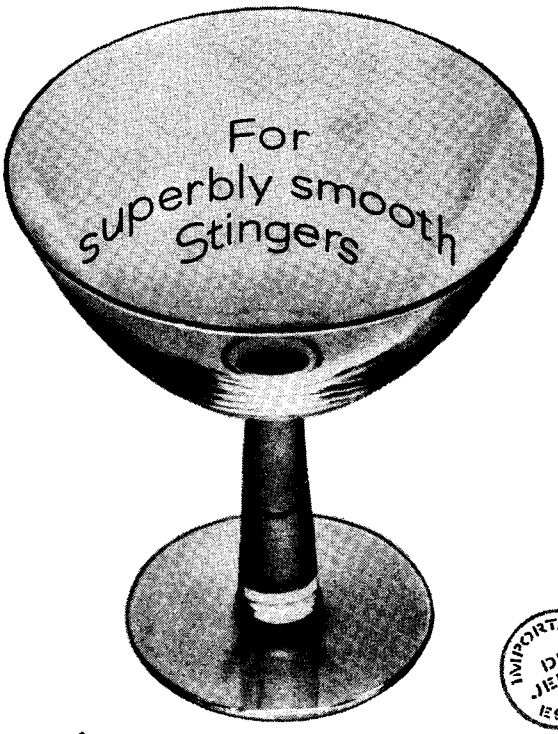
And coffin bare.

Whiter than a sailor's bone
Washed in the deep,
I with my starry own
Would vigil keep.

—SEC



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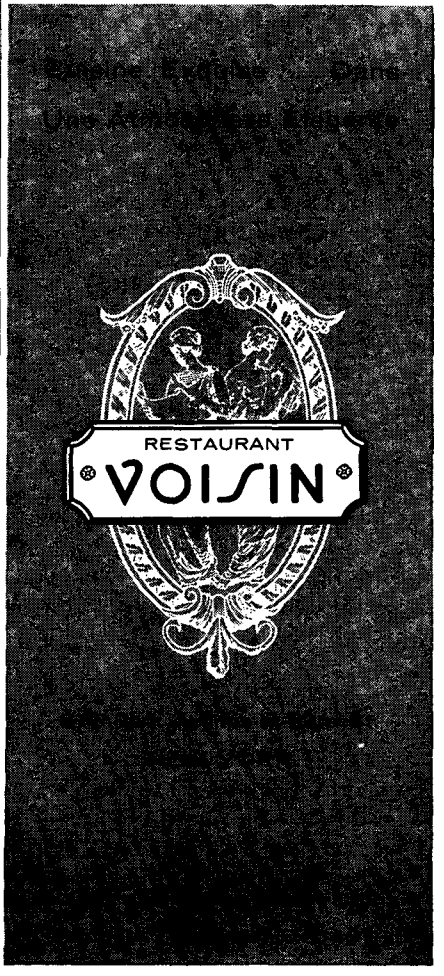

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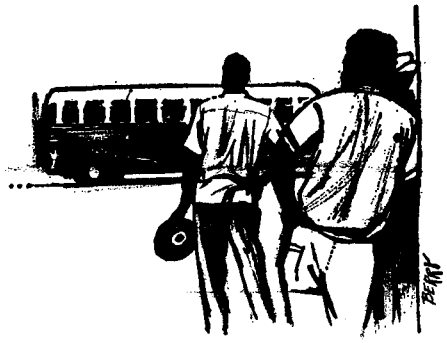
The Freedom Riders And the Future



EUGENE V. ROSTOW

THE FREEDOM RIDERS and their troubles in Alabama and Mississippi were a flash of lightning. The protest the Riders symbolize should be viewed in several settings. It is a warning to national opinion and to the administration that the present pace of change in civil rights, which in many areas is a stalemate, is not tenable. It is an appeal to the well-disposed Southern white majority, anxious to obey the law but now almost paralyzed and nearly silent before the threats of the White Citizens' Councils and their allies, the Ku Klux Klan, and the many nameless groups which have intimidated the South with boycotts, reprisals, and worse. And it confirms the belief of the Negro majority that moderate tactics, based on peaceful and legal means and nonviolent action, can be effective in bringing progress—far more effective than the ominous new doctrines of fighting force with force. For above all, the Freedom Riders bear witness to their faith in law—a faith we must not, dare not betray.

The Freedom Rides are a generalized moral demonstration against the nation's failure to provide equal treatment for the Negro. With extraordinary discipline, the Freedom Riders, like the sit-in strikers a year ago and those who refused to ride in the segregated busses of Montgomery, have been able, despite all provocation, to abide by the rule of turning the other cheek. How can a people deeply linked to the Christian tradition not be moved by the spectacle of quiet college students reading their texts while being reviled, spat upon, and beaten?

The forms through which this protest is expressed are not of primary importance in themselves. Restaurants, busses, terminals—the focal points of the demonstration will change, and should. But the demonstration will continue. The most profitable use of the determined and idealistic young college manpower released for the summer vacation would be in the registration of voters, North and South. But we should expect their manifestation to find other outlets as well, in each case challenging the discrepancy between the law of the Supreme Court and the law of the nightstick.

In a democratic society it is not enough to say, "The law of the Supreme Court must be obeyed, even in Mississippi and South Carolina." That is the only possible rule for a society of law, where majority opinion can bring about change in laws deemed wrong. But it is only part of the truth. Congress and the courts can make laws we think bad, and they often do. Lincoln faced the problem in its classic form after the Dred Scott decision of 1857. The Supreme Court's decree should be obeyed, he said, as determining the rights of the litigants. But the principle of the case was wrong, in his view. "We shall do what we can," he added, to have it overruled. Every resource of reason and of political action, he rightly believed, should be invoked to test the decision before the ultimate courts of appeal, the political tribunals of the American people. As Justice Brandeis once remarked, "No constitutional question is ever settled until it is rightly settled." So with the march of a hundred precedents that led the Supreme Court inevitably to the Brown case, requiring desegregation of public schools, and the application of the principle of equality in other settings. We must start with the premise that this massive body of doctrine is not merely law, which no conceivable majority would reverse, but that it is good law, reflecting the wise application to modern circumstance of the abiding principles of the Constitutional tradition.

Are They Intruders?

Among Northern liberals, there has been a surprising criticism of the Freedom Riders as provocative intruders, needlessly agitating a situation already well on its way to solution. This criticism is mistaken, for basic reasons. First, the South is not making rapid progress in the civil-rights field. Second, judicious intervention from outside is needed now, as it has always been needed, to help Southerners who believe in enforcing the Constitution to overcome the resistance of those who do not. Indeed, outside help is now more needed than ever in the South, for the Ku Klux spirit has not been more active or more effective since Reconstruction days. It is a shocking commentary on the intensity of such pressure that it is now almost impossible in many parts of the South to find a white lawyer willing to represent the Negro or other aggrieved parties in cases involving Constitutional questions.

There is a third reason why this criticism of the Freedom Riders is unconvincing. By openly challenging the final bastion of segregation in the Deep South, the Freedom Riders chose the most dramatic theater in the struggle for civil rights. But their protest was national, not regional. It was addressed as much to New York and Chicago as to Mississippi.

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The failure of Presidential leadership during the Eisenhower administration allowed a situation to develop in the South—and to a lesser extent in other parts of the country as well—that can only be described as a crisis in the rule of law. State and local officers, sworn to uphold the Constitution, have engaged with impunity in programs of open or covert resistance to what they know are the plain commands of the law.

The Constitutional law of civil rights has ambiguities, like every other branch of law. But it offers extended vistas of clarity, too. The principal thing to be said about many clear and established areas of the Constitutional law of civil rights, at the moment, is that they are not being enforced in large parts of the South and in many communities of the North as well. There is, and should be, praise and appreciation for the devoted Federal judges of the South, and for the mayors, governors, school boards, editors, and others who have moved many mountains in many places, North and South, in recent years. A large number of local officials in the South, however, have done only enough to avoid being held in contempt of Federal court orders. And many of them are today still in a determined state of civil disobedience. In that posture of anarchy, they are sustained by the incantation of irrelevant and mistaken slogans purporting to discredit the Supreme Court and its work, and by the shadow of an underground movement thought to have great power—the power to assassinate without fear of prosecution, to burn, to boycott, and to bomb.

The Laws We Have

The Kennedy administration has launched a considerable program of civil rights. President Kennedy's modes of action are his own, and we are not yet quite accustomed to the fact that they differ from those of Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman. The President is not a flamboyant man, and he eschews dramatic procedures. He has set the tone of his civil-rights program in several thoughtful and unequivocal statements, making his position clear, and calling on all citizens, in their respective circles of influence, to take responsibility for helping to achieve the promise of equality embodied in the Fourteenth Amendment.

The President has taken the view—rightly, in my opinion—that what is needed this year is not new legislation but the determined application of the laws we have. The President is forging a new working majority in Congress, an effort of the utmost importance to the possibility of his success. The development of his coalition—his party, in fact—might be threatened by a civil-rights battle in Congress at this session. The wisdom of President Kennedy's strategy is underscored by the cynicism with which many Northern congressmen support civil-rights bills for political advantage in their own states, without caring or inquiring about the possibility of their enforcement.

Given this political limit on his action, the President has already done much to establish a dynamic civil-rights program within the Federal establishment. Attorney General Robert Kennedy, in an excellent speech delivered at the University of Georgia, reiterated the President's support for the rightness of the Supreme Court's decision in the Brown case—in itself a long step beyond the position of Mr. Eisenhower. And he pledged energetic action through the

courts in enforcing this and other principles of the law of civil rights. The Department of Justice, at his direction, has begun an ambitious program of litigation. It has already opened new vistas, and promises to bring the day closer when we can claim that the writ of the United States courts really runs throughout the United States. The Vice-President has put aggressive purpose into the task of removing discrimination among government contractors. The Civil Rights Commission, served by an able staff, has been strengthened by new appointments. The commission is in the midst of studies and investigations on discrimination in voting, education, housing, police practice and the administration of justice, and employment. The commission's reports on these subjects should lay a strong foundation for new legislation where needed, and generate impulses for affirmative action by many agencies in many parts of the country. Finally, through a co-ordinating committee organized by the President's Special Assistant on Civil Rights, the administration has sought to keep the programs of all parts of the government which touch on civil rights under review, and to orient them to more effective action.

Governor Patterson's Errors

The protest of the Freedom Riders is addressed to the one phase of the problem of civil rights on which the administration has not yet moved, the most difficult phase of all: the task of organizing large-scale affirmative action by the states to initiate progress toward equality without the prod of a specific court order. Here the difficulties are those inherent in the mysteries of federalism, and in the methods through which a President can lead American opinion.

Court decisions should have a "multiplier" effect throughout society, as lawyers instruct their clients to conform voluntarily to the reasoning of the judges. Normally, this is the case. But it has not yet become the rule in the field of civil rights, where the law is seeking to accomplish far-reaching changes in customs and habits. If the impact of the Supreme Court's rulings on civil rights is to wait on lower court rulings, county by county, school board by school board, waiting room by waiting room, the "deliberate speed" of the Supreme Court's considerate decree in the Brown case will become a farce.

The Freedom Riders succeeded in dramatizing one aspect of the contest

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between law and the resistance to law: the failure of the Interstate Commerce Commission, through appropriate administrative action, to require full desegregation of the facilities of interstate travel, including busses and bus terminals. Governor Patterson of Alabama made a tactical error, from which Governor Barnett of Mississippi was quick to learn. By brutally allowing the Freedom Riders to be met by mobs in Anniston and Birmingham, without adequate police protection, Governor Patterson invited the Attorney General to take firm, prompt, and effective counteraction. Backed by a Presidential statement and an old statute, the Attorney General sent in six hundred well-trained Federal marshals, directed by his deputy, Byron White. Having threatened to arrest the marshals—an absurd and empty threat, in view of their well-established legal status—the governor then asked for their help in restoring order. Once order was restored, the Freedom Riders continued to arrive in Alabama, this time without provoking mob action, or the near semblance of it.

The Freedom Riders were in fact peaceably arrested, both in Montgomery and in Jackson, Mississippi, for sitting at the wrong lunch counters or using the wrong sanitary facilities. The application of local statutes requiring racial segregation to bus terminals used in interstate travel is as obviously and predictably unconstitutional as any cases could possibly be, whether the arrests formally charge violation of the local statutes, or more vaguely describe the same events as "breaches of the peace" or "refusals to obey an officer." It is a typical irony of the times that the state-court judges, who know this to be the law as well as their colleagues on the Federal bench, are content as elected officials to leave the disagreeable task to the Federal judges, who have life tenure.

This sequence of events poses a fundamental question: do the mobs which initially met the Freedom Riders in Alabama, and failed to do so in South Carolina, Georgia, and Mississippi, represent the spontaneous protest of popular feeling goaded beyond the point of endurance, or are they organized forces, controlled by secret councils and invoked or held in reserve by men whom the governors can usually influence?

In the heat of the struggle in Montgomery, the Attorney General asked for a suspension of the Freedom Rides, on the ground that they involved foolhardy and unnecessary risks of bloodshed. To some, his request carried the implication of yielding an unquestioned legal right to the menace of an illegal mob. The Attorney General carefully pointed out, however, that he had no power to prevent anyone from exercising his Constitutional right to travel—a right most emphatically defined in modern times by the Supreme Court's opinion in the Edwards case, written by Mr. Justice Byrnes (that case denied California the right to stop the flight of the "Okies"). And he reiterated his determination to provide full protection for the riders, if state police power failed to do so. As events developed, the Attorney General's plea did little or no harm. The

rides continued, the mobs vanished, and the contest became again a peaceful one, conducted in the state and Federal courts, between the Alabama and Mississippi statutes and the national law. Governor Patterson had clearly been routed. A new set of cases started toward the Supreme Court. And, most important of all, the Attorney General moved before the Interstate Commerce Commission to speed up the administrative enforcement of desegregation in bus terminals and other facilities of national commerce.

The success of the Freedom Riders, important as it is, defines a problem but does not solve it. The problem is that of bringing about a changed climate of opinion on civil rights throughout the country.

New Expectations

The long modern development of the law of civil rights has two themes. It reflects the changing social status of the Negro and the changed significance of race as an issue of modern politics. And, in the name of Constitutional principle, it requires society to view its treatment of the less privileged in the light of its acknowledged ideals. Much has changed in fifty years. The educated Negro middle class and working class have multiplied in size, in influence, and in dispersal. Their political position in many states has become crucial. The experience of the Roosevelt and Truman years and that of two modern wars have created new expectations. The lesson of Hitler and the political liberation of the colored men of Africa and of Asia have altered the contours of the problem of race in the minds of modern man. And the opinions of the Supreme Court, since 1917 at least, in case after case—on zoning and voting, on travel and housing, on schools, juries, and a dozen other subjects—have educated the country in the imperatives of its tradition. This line of cases represents the law in its most demanding task: that of leading society to realize itself. It is a task of persuasion as much as one of command. It calls for great powers on the part of the judges in the endless seminar of democratic life. And it requires a mature people to participate in the dialogue, and in the end to accept, modify, or reject the judges' view of its own Constitutional ideas.

Today, in the main, the country accepts the principles of equality which the Supreme Court has for nearly fifty years found in the Constitution, the Bill of Rights, and the post-Civil War Amendments. No conceivable majority can be imagined to repeal the Fourteenth Amendment, or to reverse the Court's construction of any other basic clause of the Constitution dealing with personal and civil rights. The powers of the Court have survived several at-

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tacks. The Roosevelt Court-packing attempt of 1937 failed in Congress, as did the comparable efforts of Senators Jenner and Butler in 1958. The process is no longer the negative one of passively accepting the Court's work in the name of order. Galvanized by the revelations of the Little Rock affair, politics has begun to embrace the principles of the Court's action and to make them its own. Two national civil-right statutes and many state statutes represent the rallying of political forces which has begun in support of the Supreme Court's approach. In the South as in the North, I am convinced, most white men in the end are loyal to the values of equality which animate the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. The strength of the Court's work is greater than the people's attachment to the Court as an institution; it derives its force from a consensus that by and large the law declared by the Court is right, or that it is in the process of becoming right, through the usual methods of the common law.

THE TASK of the administration and of the nation in the field of civil rights has to be viewed against this background. We are where we are, not in 1868 or 1900 or even in 1954. The courts have discussed the issues, explained the governing principles, and identified the problems. The adjustment of social organization to the requirements of the modern law of civil rights, in a society undergoing rapid changes in structure and outlook, is at best a work of great difficulty. The private and political centers of authority have been slow in facing up to their responsibilities, having been all too willing to leave the arduous work to the judges alone. But a mobilization of opinion is beginning to occur. It cannot be fully effective until the President gives it the force and power which in our political system are uniquely his to command. Then, but only then, will he be able to bring citizens' organizations, trade unions, and bar associations to join in and give the movement an irresistible momentum in shaping events.

Such a transformation of the atmosphere is indispensable. For the extension and application of the Supreme Court's lead now requires more than the isolated decisions of the scattered Federal courts. We have reached a point in the process of doing justice to the Negro where wholesale action is needed—by state and local authorities, by administrative

agencies, and by trade unions, churches, and other private groups.

This, I think, is the significance of the Freedom Riders' protest. It would be a mistake to think of the Freedom Rides as a call to eliminate racial segregation at lunch counters and toilets in bus terminals. They are part of a more general demand for human dignity in the wide range of social situations, North and South, beyond the immediate reach of the national government. To meet this demand, the President must function not only as the Chief Executive, faithfully enforcing the Federal code, but also as the occupant of Theodore Roosevelt's "bully pulpit," speaking to and for the conscience of America.

THE PRESIDENT has many ways of fulfilling that extraordinary function of his office, about which he has spoken and written perceptively. Speeches, White House Conferences, the issuance of a new proclamation, and written and spoken statements of lesser dignity all have a part to play in an effort which only he can lead. And the Civil Rights Commission, as it develops strength, should become a factor of cardinal importance in his program of education.

One device which might be considered as a possible vehicle for effective action is the Conference of Governors. The national government and the state governments share many administrative problems—in road building, urban planning, education, and social security, to name a few of the more conspicuous features of our co-operative federalism. Regular discussions between the governors and the President, and between state and national officials charged with such responsibilities, might prove the beginning of a Constitutional practice useful in many ways. And it could provide an excellent forum for exchanging information and experience, and for considering and discussing ideas. In such meetings, state and Federal officials could consult and be consulted about their problems, and contribute to forming that opinion which Wilson called "the atmosphere of constitutional government." Through such consultations, the state governments, North and South, could be persuaded to initiate far-reaching changes in the institutions which now limit the possibility of advance in the field of civil rights: the local laws and practices governing housing and voting, employment, and access to the recreational facilities of the community.

Procedures of this kind have another advantage. They would avoid the self-righteousness of considering the civil-rights problem a peculiar sin of the South. Discrimination against the Negro takes somewhat different forms in different parts of the country. But the gap between our practice and our profession is national, not local.

THE CHANGES required to make the Negro the white man's equal before the law must come. They are coming—not because political forces in the North demand them, nor yet to please public opinion in Africa and Asia and score a point in the cold war. We are struggling to accomplish these social changes because we know they are right. The question before the nation is whether the legal system, drawing its power from the concurring opinions of the people, can accommodate itself to powerful and conflicting social forces without a major breach of order and a breach in the habits of government. To resolve such conflicts through the methods of peace and persuasion is the ultimate function of law and its ultimate test.

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The Kids Take Over

DAVID HALBERSTAM

A NEW FORM of protest against racial segregation that started with the lunch-counter sit-ins just a little more than a year ago has spread at such a rate that even a number of prominent Negroes have begun to express fears about the dangers of spontaneous combustion. As the demonstrations have expanded and taken different forms, the initiative has come less and less from middle-aged Negro ministers, lawyers, and politicians—often operating in concert with professional white advisers—and more and more from young Negro students.

The Nashville sit-ins, for instance, were started by students, with the Nashville Christian Leadership Council moving in later. "There was an agreement that the ministers could have some control over the movement and would be consulted," a sympathetic observer has reported, "but they had to agree to participate, to sit in, to be on call, to attend emergency meetings—and those kids have daily emergency meetings—to take the same risks and make the same sacrifices the kids did. This was the price for retaining their influence."

The same pattern is apparent in the activities of the Freedom Riders. The decision to test the progress of desegregation in Southern bus terminals was originally made by the Congress of Racial Equality, but when passengers were beaten up in Anniston and Birmingham, the CORE people abandoned the project. It was then that the well-organized Nashville student group decided to complete the trip. At this point, the older leaders of the Martin Luther King group had to decide whether to join the movement, thereby gaining some control over it, or to stay out, thereby losing all control and furthermore running the risk of looking like so many Uncle Toms.

Negro ministers from many parts of the South streamed into Montgomery after the Nashville students had been beaten up there, and when the bus left Montgomery for the Mississippi leg of the trip several Negro ministers were aboard. "What is happening in the South now," a white minister has remarked, "is that the kids are starting it, and then the leaders have to run to get out in front." In these circumstances, the older Negroes have rarely been able to afford the luxury of armchair talks with white representatives of churches and foundations about how the general public might react to a particular tactic.

IT IS CLEAR that the sort of demonstrations that began with the sit-ins will go on spreading. There is, after all, no shortage of targets

for any group eager to protest against segregation, and if there is any distinguishing characteristic about the new generation of Negro students, it is that these young people are fed up with talk about cooling-off periods or anything else that sounds like gradualism. Furthermore, the new groups formed by the students can sustain themselves only through continued attacks on segregation. If the present organizations lose their momentum, new ones will spring up to take their places.

The Nashville group, for instance, has kept up a fast pace for more than fifteen months: the sit-ins were followed by stand-ins at movie theaters and then by bus trips. Most of the Nashville militants are young, middle-class Negroes who were fourteen or fifteen at the time of the Supreme Court decision; they have waited seven years without much tangible evidence in their own lives to indicate that the South is changing. Deeply dissatisfied and at the same time somewhat giddy with all the publicity they have been getting, they are quite willing to go to jail or to be beaten up in the interests of their cause. Passive resistance is seen as the most effective tactic to be used at present, but it is the cause that obsesses them, and one white observer has reached the conclusion that "If it ever becomes better practice to hit back, then they'll hit back." On the subject of politics they are surprisingly ignorant, but this naïveté may in fact be one of their great assets, since a bitter awareness of the difference between the possible and the impossible has frequently kept Negroes from acting at all in the past.

But the most important thing to realize about these youngsters is their single-minded determination to make their mark on the history of race relations in the South. Twenty-two-year-old Diane Nash left Fisk University in order to become the full-time paid leader of the Nashville group. "Diane," says a friend, "thinks of nothing else."

Before the Nashville group joined the bus protest, an employee of the Justice Department tried to talk her out of it. The situation in Alabama was such, he said, that to go in at that point would be dangerous and irresponsible. "It was like talking to a wall," he remarked later. "She didn't hear a word I said."

Miss Nash sees it differently. "These people still think they can stop the Negro by hitting him over the head. There can be only one outcome."

THE OUTCOME may be certain, but there is still uncertainty about the best way to get there. The older Negro leaders may have ridden into Mississippi along with the young-

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sters, but there was and still is a good deal of debate about how effective the bus rides can be. "The moment the marshals leave, the situation will go back to being the same," one middle-aged Negro feels. "This is great for headlines, but wouldn't we be better off with a less glamorous attack on voting registration, walking the streets and getting our people to vote?"

NEEDLESS to say, this disagreement has not been aired in public. It would appear that Negro leaders are being pushed into the same type of position that has traditionally limited the public candor of white Southern politicians. Just as white politicians have often protected themselves against extremist racism by sounding more conservative than they really are, so now Negro leaders under pressure from their various constituencies must avoid taking any stand that might look like a willingness to compromise. The result is an inevitable widening of the gap in communications between the two races in the South.

The gap is widening not only between Negroes and white segregationists but also between Negroes and white Southerners who understand and support the struggle to achieve racial equality. As the Negro ministers spend more and more time keeping up with the students, they have less and less time to be influenced by their white friends and advisers. According to the Reverend Will Campbell, who considers himself one of the white liberals of the South, this development is not necessarily a bad thing. "The white liberals are the last ones to hold onto the old paternalistic tradition," Campbell has said. "They always want to say, 'We're all for you, so why didn't you come to us and clear it?' The answer is very simple: the Negroes don't need to come to us any more. I think eventually the Negroes will need us for the inevitable reconciliation—you know, when it comes time to put the pieces back together—but they can point to us right now and say: 'You're not prepared to do what needs to be done. You're not prepared to ride busses and sit at counters.' And of course in most cases they're right."

A Short Story Set in New Orleans

Eight O'Clock One Morning

SHIRLEY ANN GRAU

MY MOTHER is standing on the front porch when we come down at eight o'clock one morning. Soon as she hears us, she spins around and pops back inside the house.

"What you see?" I ask her.

"Go brush your teeth," she says.

"But we haven't had breakfast," Rosalie cries. "Not even one bite."

"Go get it then," my mother says.

My old man is waiting in the kitchen, the way he is every morning. He always gets up early and has breakfast first, so the three of us can have the table to ourselves.

"Hi kids," he tells us. "You all dressed up for school?"

"Good morning, sir," we say politely.

"That's fine," my mother says.

"Where's Taylor?" my father says.

"Where is he?" my mother asks.

"He's coming."

Taylor is the youngest. He's five and starting kindergarten today.

"Go tell Taylor to come down," my father says. "You Carrie, go call Taylor."

As I leave I hear them talk about Taylor. It's a way they have of saying his name over and over again. They're crazy about his name, which is a pretty fancy name for a snuffly kid. They heard it on television one night when my mother's stomach was bulging full with him. So that's why he's Taylor.

I don't go up, just stand at the foot of the stairs and yell after him. I keep yelling until he answers, which takes a while.

Then I go back in the kitchen. My mother is finishing lunch for the old man; she's wrapping up the sandwiches. She's trying to get him to do something too—you can tell by the tone in her voice.

"Just a little way," she is saying. "Go see can you find out anything."

"Okay," my father says.

But she can't stop. She rattles right on, as if he'd said no.

"I'd gone myself, only this man comes up to me—what's his name? Lives in the house with the pink shutters down the next block. He

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comes up to me while I'm standing on the front walk, trying to see what I can see, and he says: 'You go back inside, lady, there's going to be trouble.' And I see him tell the same thing to Marie Armand standing out in her front yard."

"Okay," my father says again.

My mother doesn't seem to hear him. "You wouldn't think school'd make all this trouble. There wasn't no trouble when Carrie started five years ago."

"Six," I say but they don't hear.

"And there wasn't trouble when Rosalie came around to going."

"Yeah," my father says.

"Why it's got to be Taylor gets all the trouble?"

My father says okay again. I watch him go out the door and put the lunch box on the seat of the truck that is standing in the driveway, the truck that says Harris Plumbing Company. That's my father and his brother.

"Where'd he go?" Rosalie asks. These days she talks in a high-pitched whiny voice she thinks she got from Marilyn Monroe.

"He's gone to look at the school," my mother says. "Now shut up and eat."

Just then Taylor comes down. "Shut up and eat too," my mother says to him before he can open his mouth.

In less than five minutes my father is back. "Keep the kids home," he says.

"My God!" my mother says. "Them under foot all day!"

"You ask me to go look, I go look."

My mother gets herself a cup of coffee, and I know she is upset because she doesn't even like the stuff.

"There's plenty of police around the school," my father says, "and there's some other characters around too. So keep the kids out of it."

"Home all day." My mother rubs her hands together sadly.

"Now listen, you kids," he says, "if I hear you been bad today, if your mama tells me one thing when I get back, you won't think you been so smart."

Rosalie asks me: "You think you can do my hair today?"

"Okay."

"No peroxide streaks," my mother says.

My father has fixed himself another cup of coffee too, and he sits down with it. He must feel something is wrong, or he wouldn't be hanging around like this. Other mornings he stays just long enough to see that we got our arms and legs.

All of a sudden, there's some yelling in the street. "Hu . . . hu." No words. Not that we can make out anyhow.

My father heaves himself up. And the telephone rings. His head snaps around like a mechanical doll's and he says, "Rosalie, go get it." Which isn't necessary because Rosalie always answers the phone in this house.

He turns back to the window. Now, the way the house is set, he can't see anything unless it's right in front—and by the sound of it, the racket is a little way down the street. So he's looking at nothing. But he keeps on looking anyhow.

Rosalie calls: "It's for Carrie."

My mother says: "Who is it?" And to me: "Sit down."

"Michael," Rosalie says. I go back to eating my corn flakes because I know I haven't got a chance in the world of getting that call.

We can hear my mother answer. "No," she is saying, "she can't come to the phone."

"What does that character want?" my father asks me.

"Ask mama," I tell him. "I'm not talking to him."

He glares at me for a minute and then he breaks into a grin. He always did like his girls to talk back to him.

"A fine boy friend you got," he says.

"He's all right."

When my mother comes back, my father asks: "He's cutting school?"

"Wouldn't tell me nothing, but I can guess."

"To run loose on the streets. . . . Keep these kids out of it."

"They're not going one step out the front door," my mother says.

There's more noise in the street—a kind of chant now. "Hu, hu . . ."—and this time I climb on a chair and look out with my father. You can't see too much, like I said—just every once in a while three or four kids passing: they look like they'd be in high school. They are wearing black leather jackets, most of them, though it is a bright hot day, and they are walking right down the middle of the street.

"You know them?" my father asks me.

I shake my head.

"Not any of them?"

So I tell him that I haven't ever seen a single one of them.

"I figured they wasn't from around here," my father says.

"What?" my mother asks. "What?"

"White niggers," my father says to the window glass. "God-damn white niggers, spoiling for trouble."

In a couple of minutes a yellow Public Service bus passes. And somebody starts throwing at it. A shower of things bang into it, ricochet off the steel sides, clatter down to the pavement. The passengers all duck down. You can see their hunched-over backs and the tops of their brown paper parcels. A window breaks and the bus drives on and all there is left is a pile of glass in the middle of the empty street.

Taylor begins to drink my father's coffee, which is right on the counter by him. He isn't allowed to have any for fear it will turn his skin yellow, but my old man is so busy at the window that he doesn't even notice what Taylor's doing. When he looks down and sees that the cup is empty, he just hands it back to my mother and says, "More."

My mother is putting things in the dishwasher, with short jumpy motions. She knocks a chunk off a good plate when she bangs it against the sink.

My father says: "That was ice they threw."

"What?" My mother juggles another plate, but catches it in time.

"What they threw at the bus—it was ice."

"Where'd they get that?" my mother asks.

"Lots of places," my father tells her. "Everybody's got ice."

"I wouldn't like to get hit by a piece of ice," Rosalie says.

"Stupid kids," my father says, and I can't make out whether he is talking about us or the people in the street.

There are more of them now, laughing and yelling like Mardi Gras Day. One boy, with a blond crewcut, sticks his toe in the pile of broken glass and sends it flying all over the street. Some of the kids are carrying Confederate flags and some of them are carrying mops. They're

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holding them straight up in the air, and they kind of look like heads on sticks, old women's heads with the hair hanging down.

I start to say something like that but I don't, because I see that nobody is going to hear me, nobody is going to listen.

"Oh my God!" my mother says all of a sudden and she rushes off, yelling back over her shoulder, "I got to tell Mama she better not come for lunch."

"She must heard about this."

There was the sound of the phone dialing little trickling sounds like water. "How would she know over there, way over there? I bet there's lots of people don't know."

My father grunts and doesn't say anything.

My mother comes back from the phone and says triumphantly: "She didn't know anything about it."

Rosalie asks: "Can we make some fudge?"

"Anything to keep you quiet," my mother tells her.

They both get down on their hands and knees and start looking around in one of the low cupboards for the proper size pan. Taylor has found his kitten and he's feeding it cat food out of the can with a spoon. You can hear him singing to it.

Then it happens. I hadn't been looking out, so the first I know of it is when my father says, "Son of a bitch!"

But he says it softly so that my mother and Rosalie, who have their heads inside the cupboard rattling pans, can't hear him. And if Taylor does he pays no attention.

I look out. A diaper-service truck (painted all blue and white) has pulled up in front of the Fortiers' across the street. The Negro driver must be awful brave or awful foolish or maybe he just doesn't know.

He has taken the clean diapers into the house and put the dirty ones in the back of the truck and closed the door.

When the kids first notice him he is back in the cab. He has just started the motor and he is barely moving when they catch up with him. There are a dozen or so of them, and they dash alongside. Some run directly in front and the truck stops. Two of them jump in the open door and grab for the driver, only they keep missing because another kid is beating away with an old mop. He is swinging it with all his strength at the driver but all he hits is the head of one of the boys who have hopped the cab. And all the time bits of things, rocks or maybe more ice, are rattling down on the truck.

My old man bangs through the kitchen door. I go after him, fast as I can. First thing I notice is how much noisier it is outside than it seemed from the other side of the glass. There's a lot of confused yelling, and the kid who got smacked by the mop handle is standing a little bit back, holding his head with both hands and roaring, louder than the rest.

My old man stops at his truck and takes out a short piece of pipe. Then he walks down to the edge of our lawn, right to where it meets the sidewalk.

The Negro driver has got the kids out of the cab now and has shut the door. Now they are standing in a circle outside pounding on the truck. I see the back window crack into a crazy star pattern when a rock hits it, but it doesn't shatter.

"Run over them!" my old man yells to the driver. "Run over the bastards."

He can't hear him, not inside the cab. Some of the kids do and turn around, but they don't make a move toward him.

The driver is racing his motor, but he isn't moving. You can see his dark face peering through the windshield.

Somebody yells: "You gotta have a rope!" I don't know who it is. Everybody is yelling something. We hear it again: "Go get a rope!" And that does it. My old man says something very quietly under his breath and starts over to the truck. He moves to the front of it, and he takes hold of the first collar he can. He yanks on it; the kid goes sailing over backwards and he grabs for another. And I remember the picture on his dresser, the picture of him in trunks when he used to box at St. Michael's Arena. And all this time, over everybody else, I can hear him yelling: "Put it in gear. Run over them. Use the God-damn truck."

Maybe the driver hears him, because after a while he does shift (he doesn't have the clutch all the way in and the gears grind and scrape) and he begins to inch forward. Between the two of them, the slow-moving truck and the guy who is throwing people around, they get a little clear space. And then a little more.

Finally the truck slips through.

Everybody stands in the street and looks after it. Everybody except my father, who comes stalking stiff-legged back to his own yard. The kids mill around muttering; some begin to drift toward us. My father straightens up, the length of pipe in his right hand.

They look at each other. Just stand and look. My father lets them do that for a minute.

Then he yells: "Get out of here!" And he starts swinging the pipe around his head.

They disappear all right. Run off like water on oil.

My old man comes up the walk, rubbing his shoulder and swearing.

By this time my mother is standing in the door and has both her hands slapped up against her mouth and Rosalie is behind her, trying to push her way into the door so she can see too. Back in the house you can hear Taylor singing to the cat and he doesn't know that anything has happened at all.

My old man puts the pipe on the lowest step and clears his throat and spits into the flower bed. He spits again, as if there's something in his mouth he can't get out. Then he turns and looks back down the street. And when he talks it is to the street.

"Niggers and white niggers," my father says. As if that explained everything.

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Coming to Terms on Algeria

EDMOND TAYLOR

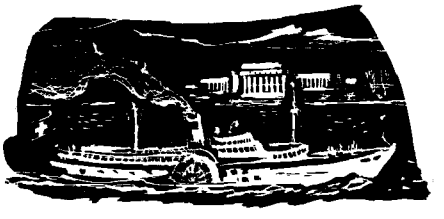
PARIS

BY THE NORMAL CRITERIA of American journalism, the peace negotiations at Evian between the French and the leaders of the Algerian nationalist rebellion are nearly everything that an international conference should not be. They are slow-moving, muted, and intricate, as the basic chemistry of history so often is. The grotesque ceremonial that surrounds the meetings—the F.L.N. press conferences by closed-circuit TV, the anti-aircraft batteries amid the geranium beds to protect the French delegation from French military terrorists, the mechanized-insect flight of the helicopters ferrying the Algerian delegates from their headquarters on the Swiss shore of Lake Geneva—bathes the negotiations in an aura of science fiction. In competition with the *grand siècle* pageantry, the vivid human interest, and the self-evident news value of President Kennedy's visit here, Evian was crowded out of the headlines. Despite its relevance to Franco-American relations, the Algerian problem was barely mentioned in the press briefings on the President's talks with General de Gaulle. Yet the lakeside dialogue between the general's representatives and the emissaries of the Algerian revolution, when studied in its full context, is as fascinating in terms of the history of ideas as it is momentous in terms of the West's future relations with the Afro-Asian world.

"You can't understand what is going on here if you think of it merely as a diplomatic negotiation," a French observer at Evian explained to me. "Nothing quite like this conference has ever been seen before. It is true that we are negotiating with the Algerians about our national interests, but at the same time we are trying to help them reach a more sophisticated and responsible awareness of their own. Our biggest problem is to bring them to accept the underlying social and historical realities of their own country. In a sense we are conducting an experiment in group psychotherapy."

Aspects of Self-Determination

The French do not pretend that their concern for the mental hygiene of the F.L.N. delegation is strictly disinterested, and they fully realize that the Moslem nationalists are not the only people who have lost touch with reality in the course of the bitter seven years' struggle in Algeria. The curiously philosophic press conferences held in Evian from time to time by the head of the French delegation, Louis Joxe, and televised throughout France are clearly intended, along with other objectives, to speed up the political re-education of the hagridden French community in Algeria and of certain badly alienated elements in the



French Army. Joxe, a stocky, ruddy-faced, prematurely white-haired man, conducts these sessions with a mixture of authority and insight that a professional psychiatrist might well envy. At times the enigmatic smile lurking around the corners of his mouth even makes one suspect that he is using his public press briefings to straighten out the thinking of some of his official colleagues. In fact, the French minister, a former professor of history and political science, appears to be launching an ambitious drive against one of the major areas of muddled logic and semantic confusion in the contemporary popular mind.

The heart of the problem, as both Joxe and General de Gaulle see it, is how the right of self-determination applies to minority communities in emergent nations: specifically, how it applies in African territories like Algeria where a transplanted European minority has over the generations put down bona fide roots. The French have no easy answer to this problem, which is of crucial importance for South and East Africa and for Angola as well as for Algeria. They admit both the dynamism and the validity of African nationalism, and the consequent necessity for giving up colonial privileges or controls. They seem genuinely anxious to avoid any solution in Algeria based on territorial partition, except as a desperate last resort. But if the territorial integrity of Algeria is to be respected, the French insist that the Moslem majority which is fighting for nationhood recognize both the separateness and the nativeness of the European community. In other words, the independent Algerian Republic that will emerge from an eventual referendum must offer organic guaranties for the rights of the European minority. Joxe has made it clear that General de Gaulle will tolerate no compromise on this issue, though he seems prepared to offer the F.L.N. many other concessions in return for a cease-fire and an agreement on how to carry out self-determination.

An Indivisible Algeria?

There have been hints that under certain conditions the French might finally admit the F.L.N. claim to sovereignty over the two departments of the Sahara with their vast reserves of oil and natural gas—though, as Joxe remarked in an unofficial aside, the fact that on old French maps the empty Saharan spaces had been colored pink like Algeria hardly constitutes a historically valid basis for the claim. But if any such concessions are really contemplated, they will not be offered until the F.L.N. has agreed to acceptable guaranties for the European community.

Contrary to the impression given in some press reports, Joxe has made it clear that the French are not insisting on double nationality for all Europeans in Algeria. They do insist that all Algerian residents, including members of the native Jewish community and Moslems who have cast

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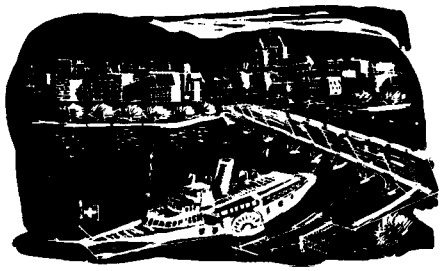
their lot with France, be allowed to retain French nationality if they so desire and that their rights as foreign residents be respected. The main French demand, however, is that the eventual Algerian Republic be set up from the start in such a way that Europeans or other non-Moslems can choose Algerian citizenship and still



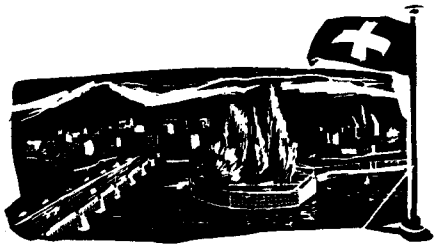
enjoy certain special rights as a minority community.

The French are not holding out for any particular formula. Joxe in one of his press conferences cited Switzerland, Lebanon, Cyprus, and Canada as acceptable examples of multicommunal states where minority rights are guaranteed. Presumably any system honestly modeled on one of these would satisfy the French.

So far the F.L.N. has refused to admit even the principle of a multicommunal state, which their spokesmen allege would inevitably "perpetuate colonial privileges, set up a class of supercitizens, and lead to the creation of a state within the state." Instead they propose a centralized democratic republic like France, which guarantees equal rights before the law to all citizens without regard to race or religion. The F.L.N. feels that its assurance that the Moslem majority will never discriminate in any way against members of the Christian or Jewish minorities should suffice to dispel their fears.

The French are inclined to think that the F.L.N. is sincere in taking up this position. They no longer suspect the dominant faction in the F.L.N. leadership of being under the influence of Pan-Arab fanatics in Cairo. "The real trouble with the F.L.N. is not that they are racists or Marxist extremists," a French spokesman said to me, "but that they have the mentality of old-time French Radical Socialists. They are fanatical believers in the Jacobin doctrine of *'La République une et indivisible.'* Since most of the F.L.N. leaders were educated in French secondary schools and universities, this is hardly surprising. Naturally we have a good deal of sympathy with their viewpoint—how could we fail to have it?—but the concept of nationalism that was valid for eighteenth-century France simply will not work in present-day Algeria, where two completely different peoples are doomed by history to live side by side."

Where such conditions exist, say the French, experience teaches that theoretical proclamations of equal rights are meaningless. Justice prevails and conflict is avoided only when the different ethnic groups are organized on a cantonal basis in a decentralized federation like Switzerland or when they are allowed special community institutions and rights as in Cyprus or Lebanon. In refusing to recognize this, the French say, the F.L.N. is closing its eyes to contemporary reality in Algeria just as the French "integrationists" do. Ideologically, Ferhat Abbas and



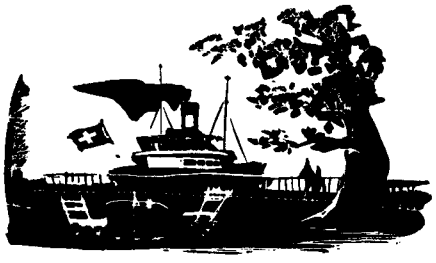
Jacques Soustelle are brothers—they have the same basic doctrine of the idea of the nation and each is dedicated to the triumph of doctrine over reality.

In addition to the moral issues involved, the French maintain that the only chance for restoring peace to Algeria is to establish organic guaranties for the European community. Otherwise it will try to defend its rights by arms—as the right-wing terrorists think they are doing now—regardless of what agreements are reached between Paris and the F.L.N. leadership, and civil war between the two communities will take the place of the present revolutionary war. It would be a disservice to the cause of an independent Algerian nation, Joxe indicated, for France to agree to its being established under conditions that condemn it to intercommunal strife. If the F.L.N. cannot be brought to see this, he implied, partition may be necessary.

The Evian talks could break down on several issues—notably the Sahara—in addition to that of minority rights. But if they eventually lead to an agreement ending the war in Algeria, it can only be because the French succeed in persuading the F.L.N. leaders to temper the dogmatic nationalism they have learned from their Jacobin schoolmasters with the humanitarian tradition that underlies twentieth-century internationalism as understood by Wilson, Léon Bourgeois, Thomas Masaryk, and other founders of the League of Nations. Such an understanding—and the practical co-operation that would spring from it—between the last of the great imperial powers and the most dynamic anti-colonialist revolutionaries in Africa might transform the political climate throughout the continent and in the United Nations.

The Burden Is on the French

A breakdown of negotiations would probably have equally dramatic consequences. The French would doubtless proceed to set up a provisional authority in Algeria with which they would conclude accords, and eventually they would also organize a self-determination referendum. Unless the F.L.N. should in the meantime completely discredit itself in the eyes of the Moslem masses by its intransigence, the referendum would doubtless reveal a substantial pro-F.L.N. sentiment in most of the territory, and the French would start regrouping Europeans and their Moslem allies in the coastal



areas as a prelude to formal partition. The F.L.N. would no doubt take over the rest of Algeria *de facto.* Since the areas of heaviest European settlement are also generally the richest, the amputated Moslem Republic of Algeria would be of doubtful economic viability and would be committed to an irredentist foreign

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policy. It could hardly fail to look eastward for support.

De Gaulle analyzed the Algerian problem at some length for President Kennedy during their conversations, but as far as is known Mr. Kennedy contented himself largely with listening. To a question on Algeria at the press luncheon in Paris, he merely answered that he did not think it useful to discuss a possible breakdown of the Evian talks while they were going on and that if such a breakdown should unfortunately occur, "all the interested parties" would obviously have to consult about the situation. While clearly indicating America's concern with the Algerian problem, this tactful reply did not give the French the impression that allied pressures were being put upon them to reach a settlement at any cost, and it contributed to the generally favorable impression Kennedy made upon French officialdom and public opinion.

As the French government sees it, the best help the United States can give France during the Evian negotiations is to keep completely out of the picture. Quite apart from French susceptibilities, it is hard to see how we could intervene to any purpose. Indeed, regardless of how Evian turns out, Algeria will remain primarily a French problem, though its repercussions on us may be considerable. The naïve view once held in some official American circles that if France abandoned Algeria—or the greater part of it—we could and should step in with economic aid and political influence to take its place seems increasingly unrealistic, if only for financial reasons. France has been spending over three hundred million dollars a year in direct government grants for economic development in Algeria; add the loans from semi-public funds, the salaries earned by Algerian workers in mainland France, and indirect subsidies to Algerian winegrowers, and the real total of French economic assistance to Algeria is close to one billion dollars yearly. Seemingly the one useful thing we can do about Algeria is to uphold in the U.N. and elsewhere the principles of justice and respect for human rights which the French are championing at Evian. That should not be difficult, since the principles also happen to be our own.

The Longest Way From Thought to Action

EDWARD T. CHASE

A WORLD'S CHAMPION expert on the subject of massive research, Dr. Henry T. Heald, head of the Ford Foundation, discussed the subject not long ago at the dedication of a new building in Washington designed to provide study rooms and conference halls for the increasing army of consultants gathering there. He said research reports have two weaknesses. First, most are a kind of placebo; they are used as a substitute for action, to "cover up inaction," in Heald's words. Second—perhaps as a consequence of the first—the rare good ones often fall victim to what Heald calls "the national sport of shelving expert studies." They then multiply because the initial findings have been ignored.

Dr. Heald believes that "More bridges should be built across the presumed gulf between men of action and men of thought." This is difficult because scholars are unworldly and men of affairs are ornery. The scholars, Heald says, "regard their work as indivisible and disclaim their responsibility to put it to any test of usefulness." Men of affairs, on the other hand, he observes, "still hold suspect conclusions made by those not responsible for the decisions" and, while giving lip service to research, are all too inclined "to play hunches inconsistent with available knowledge." As they say on Capitol Hill, "The longest known distance between a thought and an act in government is via the committee rooms." This, of course, is the principal reason committees exist. The Operations Coordinating Board just abolished by President Kennedy was composed of forty-five interdepartmental committees, each turning out scores of a particularly turgid type of research report known as a "position paper."

The Modern Greek Chorus

The upshot of this sort of activity has been described by another expert on reports, Fred M. Hechinger, the New York *Times's* education editor: "Committee reports fulfill much the same purpose on the contemporary scene as the chorus did in Greek drama: to give warning of vague trials ahead without being so specific as to interfere with the immediate business of the actors or to kill the suspense of the audience."

Bibliographers and librarians who must sort them say that we will be lucky if we don't founder under the weight of repetitious reports warning of sometimes valid, sometimes vague, indeed occasionally even imaginary trials ahead. We are in the

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epoch of both the foundation movement and the academic imperative to publish. Furthermore, the universities are teeming with research reports. This is spurred by wholesale contracting of faculties by the government and by what a recent national survey disclosed: that three-fourths of university presidents concede that publication has a strong influence on employment and promotion. Besides this, there is the proliferation of new government research supercorporations and departmental task forces, as well as outfits like the Rockefeller Brothers Fund and the Committee for Economic Development, whose *raison d'être* is the production of reports.

What militates against the proper use of all this research, Heald suggests, is the American public's pragmatic turn of mind. On the one hand, the public waits for what William James called "the coercive evidence" (e.g., the panic, the war, the plane crash) before acting; and on the other, as Heald warns the scholars, "the public, you know, does not wait for a certificate of competence before it dares think and act on matters affecting its welfare," however much "specialists may recoil at the laymen's inadequacy to weigh such matters."

HEALD, whose foundation has distributed more than $1.3 billion in grants and has been responsible for thousands of reports in the past decade, happened to be addressing these remarks to the most relevant audience imaginable, the assembled experts of the Brookings Institution in Washington, on hand for the dedication of their new building which they share with Resources for the Future. Brookings is generally rated the leading research organization in the country devoted to developing public policy. One of its latest undertakings has been to guide the Kennedy administration in taking over from its predecessor. Typically, it brought out a 755-page study, *Presidential Transitions*, to illuminate the problem "in depth." Brookings is a perennial hotbed of task forces and research studies.

Not all are as routine as the task of easing the ins in and the outs out. For instance, the other day one of its eight-man study groups alarmed the nation with the report that discovery of life on other worlds could cause the earth's civilization to collapse, apparently from sheer inferiority complex. Even on earth, "so-called societies sure of their own place have disintegrated when confronted by a superior society . . ." The New York *Times* quoted the report under the headline "Mankind Is Warned to Prepare for Discovery of Life in Space." But the tension relaxes, indeed attention flags, when one reads on: "While the discovery of intelligent life in other parts of the universe is not likely in the immediate future, it could nevertheless happen at any time." What's more, confide the authors of this 190-page report commissioned at a cost of $96,000 by still another committee, the committee on long-range studies of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, "The better we can come to understand the factors involved in responding to such crises the better prepared we may be." A truer cliché was never uttered.

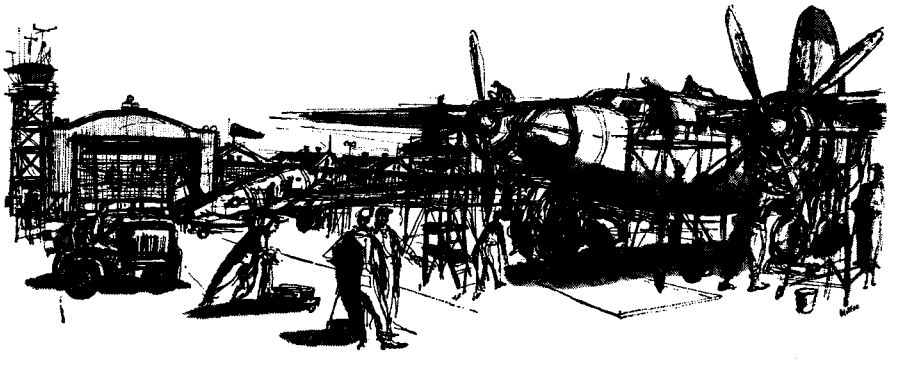
The Transportation Mess

Among the Brookings staff listening to Heald was the transportation expert Wilfred Owen, whose experience is most revealing—and also typical of comparable problem areas. Twenty-six years ago, Owen, as one of Harvard's most brilliant young scholars, published *A Study in Highway Economics*. In this book, Owen identified the appalling lack of co-ordination among the different regulatory entities as the cause of an already developing mess in transportation. Eight years later the National Resources Planning Board published its widely hailed *Transportation and National Policy*, "a definitive study." It quoted approvingly from Owen's book on the critical need for co-ordination. Then, fourteen years after his first book, Owen (this time as a Hoover Commission task force with co-author Charles L. Dearing) wrote the masterly *National Transportation Policy*, establishing the same point. Seven years later, in his now classic *The Metropolitan Transportation Problem*, Owen reiterated the point. In 1959, he clarified the point again in *Cities in the Motor Age*.

Owen was by no means the only expert to produce tomes over these decades pleading for co-ordination as the besetting need in transportation. Has any action been taken? Nothing really to the point. In consequence, precisely as Owen predicted, congestion now is epidemic in all our cities, the urban-suburban environment is debased, the railroad industry is in jeopardy, intracity mass transit is bankrupt, and our newest transport mode, air transportation, is plagued with problems. Aviation, in fact, seems bent on repeating the mistakes made by other forms of transportation, notably the railroads.

Yet action, a kind of action, has been taking place on the transportation front. *New* reports have been commissioned! Another Harvard man, James M. Landis, has issued a provocative analysis for President Kennedy. It specifies co-ordination among regulatory entities as "the outstanding need," if not the only one. What's more, Mr. Landis's report substantially reiterates a slightly earlier report, the Hector Report of 1959, which made a vivid plea for co-ordination, especially co-ordination between the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Civil Aeronautics Board. With the intertwined destiny of railroads and aviation at stake, the two simply don't talk to one another, Hector pointed out.

Hard on the heels of the Landis Report, the government has been given a massive new 900-page, two-



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year study of the transportation problem undertaken under the chairmanship of retired Air Force General John P. Doyle for the Senate Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee. The experts rate this a truly monumental job. And what has the Doyle study found? We are suffering from a "total absence of any co-ordination of national transportation policy": "The real stumbling block to an effective national transportation policy [is] diffusion of control over the industry among too many agencies."

All in all, as summarized at the University of California's Institute of Transportation, in a two-month period covering the end of 1960 and the beginning of 1961, "Seven official reports on transportation have been completed, totaling two thousand pages of printed material. All seven conclude that the Federal Government needs to develop a national transportation policy, that it should establish a single transportation agency for transport development, and one regulatory tribunal for all forms of transport."

IT IS a disturbing chronicle, all the more so because it has so many counterparts. But the moral of the transportation example would be incomplete without demonstrating that it *is* possible to identify one report that has led to action. The Curtis Report of May 10, 1957, to President Eisenhower, called for creation of the Federal Aviation Agency. It was designed to resolve the situation whereby a dozen government agencies were coping with fifty different aviation management responsibilities and an effective air-traffic control system was impossible. Then the Curtis Report was acted upon. The FAA became a reality and with it a basis for hope of an air-control system commensurate with the needs of the jet age.

Why did action take place? Not because of the report but because of James's "coercive evidence," in this case overwhelming evidence of catastrophe and near catastrophe. There was mounting public alarm over thousands of near collisions in mid-air, capped by the worst aviation disaster of history up to that time, the United-TWA crash over the Grand Canyon, with its 128 fatalities. One is reminded of Dr. Johnson's dictum that the prospect of being executed through hanging has the effect of "greatly concentrating the mind."

Classics and Retreads

It is clear that we are the victims of an epidemic of repetitious research reports; that these reports have more often than not been commissioned to substitute for action rather than to accomplish it; and finally, that the original reports, the good ones, are almost never acted upon or are acted upon only after the trouble they have pointed to has engulfed us.

This is a wasteful and even suicidal state of affairs. The most famous report of the previous administration, the Gaither Report, is an instructive example. In November of 1957, H. Rowan Gaither, Jr., board chairman of the Ford Foundation, delivered to the President the report bearing his name that has been a subject of controversy ever since. It has never been released to the public in full, but we know a great deal about it. It was commissioned by Mr. Eisenhower because of his dismay over the recommendation of a previous report on American security that the Federal government should expend $40 billion for atomic shelters. Yet the Gaither Report seems to have unsettled Mr. Eisenhower and his associates more than the report that inspired it. It cast the very gravest doubts on our military preparedness. It called for expenditures and labors undreamed of up to that time. Nor was it possible to dismiss it lightly, for it was the product of a galaxy of public figures many of whom were among the administration's closest advisers: James R. Killian, Jr., then president of M.I.T. and Eisenhower's special assistant for science and technology; Isidor I. Rabi, chairman of the President's Scientific Advisory Committee; former Secretary of Defense Robert A. Lovett; and Dr. Robert Calkins, president of the Brookings Institution.

While parts of the report crept into the President's State of the Union message, it was largely suppressed and substantially not acted upon—even after the uproar occasioned at the time by the Soviet space triumphs. Developing a consensus on essentially the same data, its numerous successor reports, headed by the Rockefeller Brothers', were not notably successful in affecting actual policy.

James Reston of the New York *Times* has described the situation in these words:

"As early as 1953, a movement developed within the Administration to tell the people the startling facts of the new world of rocketry and nuclear weapons, to spell out the challenge and seek consent for much greater efforts and sacrifices. This however was rejected. In the second Eisenhower Administration, the gap widened between the intellectual community of the nation and the political Administration on what was needed to meet the political and military and economic policies of the Soviet Union. Thus the Gaither Report, ordered by the President, called for much greater exertions but was never made public."

THE MORAL of the Gaither Report incident lies not in its being exceptional but in its being all too typical, as Dr. Heald has warned. Consider the range of problems in which there is a consensus among the experts concerning the nature of the solution set forth in report after unread (and often, to be sure, unreadable) report.

Take what many feel is our most intractable domestic problem, the farm problem. There are many conflicting things that can be said about aspects of the problem. But on one really central point there has been a consensus for several years among otherwise quarreling experts: that the United States, as the result of a technological revolution, has too many people, too much land, and too many resources in farming; that any farm-problem resolution must build from this premise; and that accordingly the problems of assisting people to move out of farming into other livelihoods and of sustaining rural-town economies during this transition are paramount responsibilities. As a corollary, the experts consider price supporting that augments the surplus problem intolerable, and say that if we cannot expedite the diminution of the surplus, at least we must take radical measures not to increase it.

One of the most highly regarded

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research reports of the past decade, the Committee for Economic Development's farm report of 1957, clarified all these points and made detailed recommendations. This landmark report was substantially echoed by the Rockefeller Brothers' reports and by a plethora of succeeding reports. Its message is now being repeated again and no doubt will be repeated endlessly in still further reports. But the implementing action is remote: the politics inherent in conflicting vested interests obtrudes.

Another landmark of recent times was the report of the Paley Commission entitled *Resources for Freedom (A Report to the President by the President's Materials Policy Commission)*. This fundamental study of the nation's materials problem was undertaken to find out what action was required to assure the strength and security of the United States in the postwar era. It was commissioned by Truman on January 22, 1951, and prepared by a staff of 115 experts, directed by a five-man commission chaired by William S. Paley.

The Paley Report came to five impressive volumes: *Foundations for Growth and Security, The Outlook for Key Commodities, The Outlook for Energy Sources, The Promise of Technology, Selected Reports to the Commission.* The initial report was followed by *A Report by the Chairman of the National Security Resources Board Based on the Report of the President's Materials Policy Commission and Federal Agency Comments Thereon,* with the formal title *The Objectives of United States Materials Resources Policy and Suggested Initial Steps in Their Accomplishment.*

The point of the second report was to set forth definite proposals for action based on the recommendations of the first Paley Report. It contained detailed comments and suggestions for Congressional and Executive action by the top men in all relevant government agencies. In research and scholarly circles it has been judged a magnificent contribution. To this day it has immense prestige. Where? Predominantly, among governments abroad.

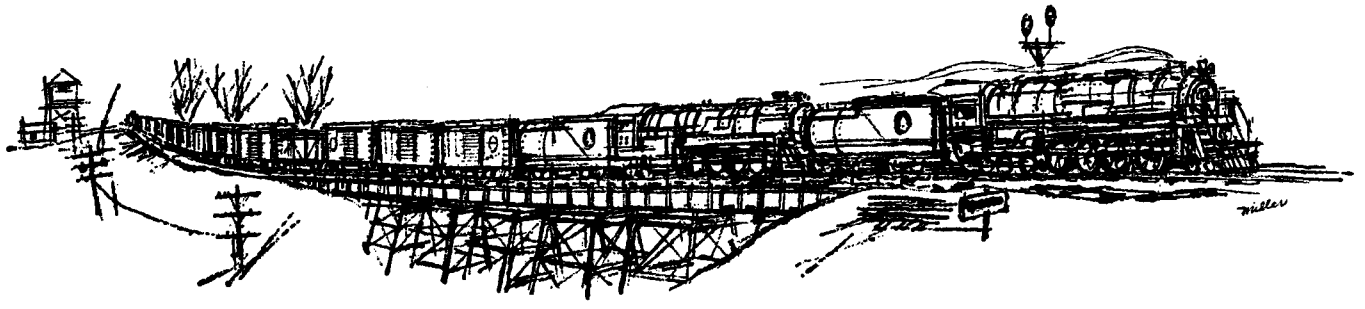
Back home it has been all but ignored, although everyone knows about it and although it is the most called-for of all government reports, according to the records of the New York Public Library. Dr. Bruce C. Netschert, a Washington economic consultant who was a principal Paley Commission staff expert, has attempted to keep a box score on what adoption there has been of its seventy-eight formal recommendations. So far action has been negligible. When it has occurred, it has been haphazard, says Netschert, incited, again, by some alarming development.

It is worth recalling that the second report was turned in as Truman completed his final days in office. It was on the top of the pile of things to do, figuratively speaking, that confronted Eisenhower as he took over. In the transition from a Democratic to a Republican administration, it was easy to kill whatever impetus there was to enact the proposals by spreading the fallacious word that the report was "controversial." This was the patriotic contribution of the mining industry, the special-interest group that construed the report as inimical to its profit interests. Under this attack, it was then the easiest thing in the world to shelve it.

In mid-1962 a *new* resources report, quite as monumental and comprehensive as the Paley Report, will appear, aimed at accomplishing the same ends as its predecessor. Entitled *Resources in America's Future,* it will project the demands on our resources at five-year intervals up to the year 2000. It is being prepared by Resources for the Future. Fittingly enough, Mr. Paley is on the board. Only a rash prophet would assume any more action on this report than on the Paley Report.

Reorganizing the Executive

The story of the Hoover Commission is perhaps the best known in the annals of this national sport. A score of extremely able reports were put out by the two Hoover Commissions having to do with the reorganization of the Executive branch of the government. The discrepancy between what could have been accomplished as a result of the Hoover Reports and what actually was done is a matter of general dismay. More



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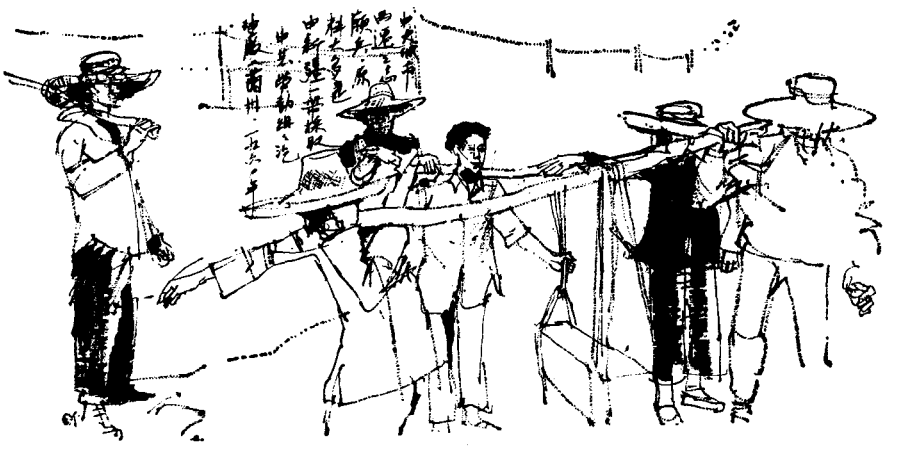
dismaying still is the extent to which the Hoover recommendations have been repeated without avail in succeeding reports.

Much the same must be said for such major studies (many directly commissioned by the President) as the Randall Report on foreign economic policy, the Bassett Report on modernizing aviation facilities, the Kestnbaum Report on intergovernmental relations, the Cooke Report on water resources, the Sarnoff Report on manpower utilization in the armed services, the Eckstein-Fromm Report on steel pricing.

Coming to the present, how many reiterations of the Conant and more recent Hovde education reports must we absorb before reforms occur? Or of the Bane Report, the next to the latest in a series of reports on the need for more doctors, recently echoed by the Johns Hopkins Report on the same problem? Or of the nine-volume Vernon Report, detailing the already fully reported troubles plaguing the New York metropolitan area?

THE REPORTS to end all reports, however, were produced last year by *Life* magazine and a big committee called the President's Commission on National Goals. The National Goals Commission consisted of "distinguished [surely this has become a pejorative label] Americans discussing in general terms what the country's aims should be and where we should be headed in the next ten years." Significantly, President Eisenhower was reported to have had a hard time corralling the necessary distinguished Americans. They completed the job just after *Life* magazine, in conjunction with the New York *Times*, had finished issuing the last of its own eight-part series of reports on *The National Purpose*. According to William Miller of *Life:* "The year 1960 was a time when Americans stopped taking their national purpose for granted and began doing something about it. Rarely has there been such vigorous and specific discussion of a nation's course by its people and its leaders. . . . Now, at the end of this national purpose year has come official action: the report of the President's Commission. . . ." As if anything happened at all!



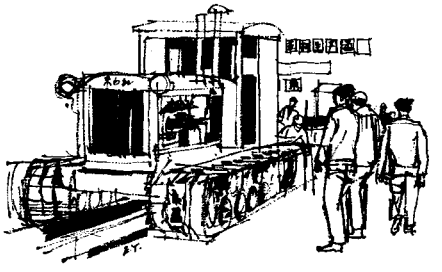
The Chinese Puzzle At the United Nations

GORDON BROOK-SHEPHERD

LONDON

THE QUESTION of whether Communist China should be admitted to the United Nations is potentially the biggest strain on the Anglo-American alliance since Suez. And despite all tactful disclaimers, Mr. Macmillan is both willing and eager to intervene in the matter.

On February 8, the British Foreign Secretary, Lord Home, quietly rose from his seat in the House of Lords and made his now famous declaration of British policy toward China. He began with a statement with which few Americans are likely to disagree: "One must admit that a country which has lately smothered Tibet, is infringing the frontiers of India and rejecting all attempts at conciliation and which has publicly proclaimed its belief in the necessity of war, has few of the credentials of a peace-loving nation in the United Nations." But then came this passage: "All that is true. But nevertheless we have always felt, and we feel now, that the facts of international life require that Communist China should be seated in the United Nations." At this, their noble lordships sat up and, according to the official record, cheered.



The wires to the American embassy in Grosvenor Square began to hum and the officials there at all levels were sent to remonstrate privately with their opposite numbers at the Foreign Office. The result was a tacit agreement not to rock the western boat again, at least not unless the young captain in Washington was consulted first. But the boat had already shipped a little water as the arguments and counter-arguments of the ten-year-old China controversy swirled up and lapped around it once more.

The British case is basically that of the so-called pragmatists or realists: Mao Tse-tung's is the effective power that rules the six hundred-odd million mainland Chinese, and is likely to remain so; diplomatic recognition of this power does not imply moral approbation; recognition is in our own interests, since however strongly we disapprove of the Communists, no settlement in Asia can be reached without China. Then, after touching on the economic benefits of opening up of the Chinese

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market, the argument returns to a political climax: no East-West nuclear pact will be worth the paper it is written on unless Mao's signature appears along with the others.

Can We Widen the Cracks?

A theme interwoven with these arguments is that if the West can secure a stronger diplomatic leverage on the Chinese mainland, it can then widen the cracks that are presumed to exist between Peking and Moscow. London believes that it must be clear to Khrushchev that if China enters the United Nations the Moscow-Peking ideological dispute would enter with it. This might mean that Peking would emerge openly as the leader of the Communist "radicals," with Albania and Bulgaria (and perhaps eventually even East Germany and North Vietnam) yapping behind a shrill and faithful chorus.

Despite this possibility, many British observers believe that Khrushchev would like to subject the monster that sprawls below the Soviet East to some form of persuasion and restraint. In this aim, Britain and the Soviet Union might well emerge as discreet and unofficial allies. Australia and perhaps New Zealand, however, may not go along with Britain. As one Australian ambassador remarked not long ago: "The United Nations is not a reform school. It is a community of nations that have something basic in common, however much they disagree. On this score, China is just not ready as yet to be let in."

THE ARGUMENT against admitting Communist China to the United Nations was best put by John Foster Dulles: "Internationally the Chinese Communist régime does not conform to the practices of civilized nations; does not live up to its international obligations; has not been peaceful in the past and gives no evidence of being peaceful in the future. Its foreign policies are hostile to us and our Asian allies. Under these circumstances it would be folly for us to establish relations with the Chinese Communists which would enhance their ability to hurt us and our friends."

The last part of this statement admittedly begs the question of the Sino-Soviet "rift." But the rest of it, as British officials have discovered to their cost, still seems to reflect both the policy of Washington and the instinctive reaction of the American people.

There are signs that even President Kennedy himself has been slightly taken aback by the unabated force of domestic feeling. It is now known that early in March Secretary Rusk called in Dr. George K. C. Yeh, the Nationalist Chinese ambassador in Washington, for a somber talk on the problem. While stressing America's continued support, Rusk pointed out that the old formula of the moratorium vote might not work when the issue comes up again next September and that something different might therefore have to be worked out.

But two things seem to have happened to put all the starch back into the American stand on China. The first was the realization that public opinion was still very decidedly against Peking. This, at any rate, is what President Kennedy is thought to have told Mr. Macmillan when they talked about China at the White House in April. Speaking as a party leader as well as a head of state, the President is understood to have told his British guest that the administration had found it could not yield an inch on the China question because concessions there went against the temper of the nation and might even cost the Democrats their

political future. As the statesman responsible for mending the British Conservative Party's fortunes after the clamorous debacle of Suez, Mr. Macmillan undoubtedly understood and sympathized.

The other factor that has stiffened Washington's stand is the outlook for the moratorium vote itself. Last year, the United States squeezed this through the Assembly with a vote of forty-two nations in favor, thirty-four against, and twenty-two abstaining. It was the narrowest majority ever, but still a tolerable one in this uncertain world. If the worst came to the worst—as it well might—could this work again?

Chiang's ambassador reportedly assured Mr. Rusk that it could. Dr. Yeh's confidence was based on the tireless lobbying and research of his colleague Dr. Tingfu Tsiang, Nationalist China's veteran delegate to the United Nations.

Research Favors Moratorium

On a recent visit to New York I called on Dr. Tsiang and he developed his argument as follows:

"Britain, of course, is a grievous loss on the main issue, as she would now have to vote for Peking's admission if it came to a straight poll. But on the moratorium as such she would surely support America again or, at the very worst, abstain. Brazil might vote this time against the moratorium, but I don't think she will pull over any other Latin-American states, except perhaps Mexico. Apart from these two countries we fear no important defections. And even if we should lose a vote or two among the new states, some others among this group who abstained last time would probably vote for the moratorium this year. I am thinking particularly of French-African states like Chad, Brazzaville Congo, and the Cameroun, which are now thoroughly perturbed by Chinese Communist penetration of Guinea and other places on their doorstep."

In view of Dr. Tsiang's remarks, it was certainly no coincidence that, as I later learned, Nationalist China (Formosa) has been sending "technical assistance teams" around these very African states, dispensing good will and offers of aid.

WHAT does Peking want? Assessments on this point have always been divided. On the one hand, it is argued that Communist China craves all the recognition due to it as a great power and full scope for extending its diplomatic and ideological influence. On the other hand, there is the long and almost unre-

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lieved record of Chinese intransigence in all dealings with the outside world and particularly on the Formosa issue. Peking's public standpoint has always been that it could never consider membership in the United Nations unless the United States withdrew all its forces from "China's territory of Taiwan [Formosa] and the Taiwan Strait area." This demand, repeated as recently as March 7 at the Chinese-American ambassadorial talks in Warsaw, is, of course, quite incompatible both with America's pledges and its strategic thinking. However, on April 6, the official Chinese news agency suddenly revived and gave deliberate publicity to a statement made by Foreign Minister Chen Yi in Indonesia a few days before. The statement was couched as a question. "Would our American friends give cool-headed consideration to this: while Taiwan is being occupied and the Chiang Kai-shek rebel clique there is being supported by the powerful Seventh Fleet . . . how can the present deadlock between China and the United States be broken? We would like to ask our American friends to reflect deeply on this. Will the U.S. make some contribution to this? We persist in this stand: withdraw the Seventh Fleet from the Taiwan Strait. This ought not to be a difficult thing for the United States to do."

These words revived speculation as to whether, for all its propaganda bluster, Communist China might not be prepared for a deal on Formosa and thus clear the way for its own entry into the United Nations. From the American point of view, obviously the one essential feature of any such understanding would be a guarantee that Peking would respect the island's independence.

BEYOND THAT, of course, lies the problem of how two Chinas could be accommodated in the United Nations, especially on the Security Council, where for fourteen years the Nationalists have occupied one of the five permanent seats which convey the right of veto. As one western diplomat said to me not long ago with a weary sigh: "There is a limit to what mere words can do. And at the end of it all there's the chance that Mao will refuse to sit down on the chair we offer him."

Strangers in Africa

RUSSELL WARREN HOWE

A YOUNG MAN I shall call Robert Jones was an agricultural adviser to one of the African governments, and he had been given the task of raising living standards in one of the most benighted areas of the country. He and his wife and children made their base in a village where there was no entertainment, no electricity, and very few fellow men from the western world. They had nothing but the job, the heat, the flies, and the moral satisfaction.

The satisfaction was considerable: Jones had raised crop cultivation and stockbreeding standards in the first six months, and he had high hopes of what would be achieved before his eighteen-month mission was over. The U.S. embassy, which had brought him out, regarded him as one of its most successful experts (as advisers in Africa are called). I found that everything I had been told about his work was true, and that the children of the area would, thanks to him, grow up a lot healthier than their fathers.

I also found that he and his wife were the butts of the local gentry. The local African administrator practically snorted when I mentioned his name. The old chief, who had accepted the expert's farming methods only because the government said he should, shook his head and spat. The old farmers sitting with the chief grimaced, and the young men laughed (there are twelve different African laughs, and one is the laugh of disapproval). Nobody approved of him, though they grudgingly recognized his talents.

Why? Because he had installed an electric generator and air conditioning in his administrative bungalow; he had brought up frozen food from the capital and stored it in his freezer; he was touchy about what he—and especially about what his wife and children—ate. In other words, he had tried to make life as comfortable and healthy as the situation permitted in this land of amoebic dysentery. All these things would have been forgiven if he had been English or French—or white American. But Robert Jones and his wife were Negro.

THIS IS TYPICAL of the ambiguous situation that faces the U.S. Negro in Africa. The State Department, his university, or his company thinks that because he is "Afro-American" he will be more acceptable to African people. In some cases, of course, Negroes are eager to go to Africa out of curiosity and sympathy. And there are cases in which American Negroes have done remarkable jobs with unqualified success, and have almost welcomed the psychological difficulties as an added challenge. But on the whole, the policy of using a large number of American Negroes in African jobs is dangerous for all concerned—the employer, the usually discontented or disenchanted Negro, the natives, and the United States. The U.S. Protestant missions, who live with "their" tribes and know them better than British or French colonial administrators, have never encouraged Negro missionaries.

European in Disguise

What does an "ordinary" African see when an American "black like us" arrives? Broadly speaking, he sees a stranger from a different tribe whose ancestry, whether by chance of war or by tradition, must have been slave. He sees that most suspicious of persons—a black man who does not speak the local tribal language and whose language he, the African, probably does not speak, or speaks only imperfectly. Moreover, he sees a European (Americans, in the African context, are European) in disguise. What could be more suspect? This strange and dubious

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person looks African but is really "white," earns an enviable salary, lives well, and, for reasons learned in Cleveland or New Orleans or Detroit (which the African knows little of), is more hesitant than a European or white American would be to integrate himself or sympathize with the African way of life.

"The English headmaster used to visit our homes and drink palm wine with us. He liked our food. He knew more about the history of this part of the country than some of us," said a West African teacher whose school now has an American principal under the Technical Assistance program. "But this American visits us infrequently and he is not at ease. The first time he came he tasted palm wine, but you could see he was afraid of catching something. His wife hardly said a word and she never came again."

Sometimes the comments are on the ludicrous side, but they probably make a point. An African clerk for a large American oil company, talking of two Negro American executives, A. and K., said: "All the whites sleep with our women, but A. and K. don't." He regarded this as an insult by A. and K.

A Nigerian taxi driver who had chauffeured two U.S. correspondents, one Negro, one white, around Lagos for four days said: "I liked the white one better. He called me a stupid monkey one day, and I could have killed him, but that was because he was angry. The black one would look at me as though he thought I was a monkey but didn't have the nerve to say so."

THE AFRICAN is sensitive to the complexes that America has built into the Negro psyche, and he can be cruel about them. When the late Richard Wright appeared less than enthusiastic about the crumbling town of Koforidua, a smiling Ghanaian said, "You are almost one of us. Who knows! Your great-grandfather might have gone from here to America." Wright's answer was: "Yeah, and your great-great-grandfather might have sold him."

Ill acquainted with all the political problems involved, Africans tend to reproach U.S. Negroes with not having gained a greater measure of equality in the United States. "When we wanted to put white people in their place, we did it in about two years!" boasted a diplomat from Guinea, where the African population is three million, the white population (at its highest) less than fifteen thousand.

Many African states have specifically asked the U.S. government not to appoint Negro ambassadors to their capitals. President (then Prime Minister) Nkrumah told me at Ghana's independence: "I have told the Americans I do not want a Negro ambassador here. I don't want Accra to be considered as just a Negro post, like the governorship of the Virgin Islands."

Other presidents, off the record, agree with Nkrumah. One of them said, "I don't want them to send me an ambassador just because he's black like me and can get out the vote in Chicago."

Both these presidents, and others less formally opposed to the idea of Negro ambassadors, feel that although these envoys might do a good job, they would lean over backward in their reports not to appear too sympathetic to the government they were accredited to, for fear of being suspected of bias.

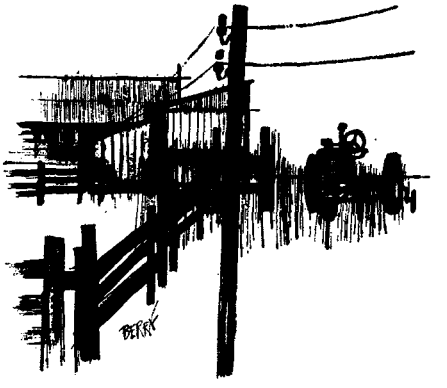
The In-between Status

Non-Africans with a long or fairly long experience of Africa take African deficiencies for granted. If a house steward goes to sleep over the ironing board, his employer says graciously it is lack of protein in African diets. If his cook boils the salad, he reminds himself that African peoples don't eat uncooked vegetables. If a clerk says he has understood instructions and then proceeds to do just the opposite, an employer will often remind himself that the clerk had merely said he had understood in order to please.

To the thousands of new arrivals in Africa in recent years these reactions are less automatic, although most executives and diplomats are briefed, before coming, about not doing or saying anything that could be construed as racism. It is psychologically harder for a Negro to accept the fact that he cannot bawl out someone for incompetence the way he would back home just because the employee is colored.

Many American Negroes who have made a deep and sincere effort to come to terms with Africa and perform a useful job here find that most European-educated Africans look upon anyone with an American education as culturally "bush." In turn, the commonest accusation made by U.S. Negroes about Africans is their arrogance.

Another problem is that more than ninety per cent of U.S. Negroes are to some degree of mixed blood, and the partly white African often occupies an in-between status in African countries. In French Africa, the Spanish-American word "Negro" is translated, with literal accuracy, as *un noir* (a black). "What is this nonsense about Philippa Schuyler being a black?" asked a black member of her audience after



one of her recitals in Abidjan. "She's whiter than our Lebanese traders." In Nigeria, a paper joked about Adam Clayton Powell thinking he was an Afro-American. A Ghanaian policeman who had patiently finger-read an article in a USIS publication about a leading American said: "Very interesting man. Very clever. But I started reading because the article said he was a Negro and when I got to the picture I found he wasn't." The man in question was Dr. Ralph Bunche.

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The Foreign Policy Of John J. Rooney

WILLIAM L. RIVERS

When President-elect Kennedy held a conference last December in Palm Beach on "Strengthening the Foreign Service," he invited some experienced diplomats. Among those in attendance were Averell Harriman, former ambassador to Britain and the Soviet Union, and Douglas Dillon, former ambassador to France. But the guest of honor, it seemed clear, was Representative John J. Rooney (D., New York), who is chairman of the House Appropriations subcommittee that controls the budget of the Department of State.

There is reason to believe that the conference was arranged not so much to discuss the nuances of diplomacy as to work on Congressman Rooney. He is a man with an important voice in the way foreign policy is conducted, for among other things he has power over what the State Department calls the "representation allowance." Rooney calls it "booze money for cooky-pushers."

It was interesting to see Congressman Rooney at the President's conference, for ordinarily he is not much of a public man. The House subcommittee hearings are closed, in contrast to the practice of the Senate Appropriations subcommittees, and Rooney is seldom accessible to reporters. What glimpses one can catch of him reveal an arresting figure: short, compact, nearly bald, and so full of nervous energy that he is usually on the edge of any chair he occupies. He responds to questions quickly, in a strong voice that reveals traces of Brooklynese when he pronounces words like "world."

The printed records of subcommittee's hearings offer another facet. Rooney is so sharp and sarcastic so often that he seems to be questioning confidence men rather than government officials. One who has appeared before him says that a few of the "off the record" notations in the hearings cover occasions when Rooney has been answered too well for his own comfort. "You top him, and he may ask, 'Do you really want that on the record?' Of course, you don't."

The Subcommittee's Power

The power of a man like Rooney is indicated by a State Department official, who prefers to remain anonymous, in *The Secretary of State*, a recent study published by the American Assembly: "A casual review of selected Appropriations Committee reports might startle the constitutionalist. The extent to which Executive operations can be, and are, influenced, curtailed, or controlled through a one-sentence 'directive' in such reports prematurely ages the administrator who is trying to support his Secretary's policies with human and material resources. Ambitious and politically adept subcommittee chairmen, frequently neglected in the larger power politics of winning authorizing legislation, make their influence felt through reductions in the amount of funds requested and the Committee's 'views' as to how the program should operate."

Most of Congressman Rooney's views are expressed in his subcommittee's hearings on the State Department budget, which he goes over line by line, questioning nearly every expenditure. His approach is indicated by his response to an Assistant Secretary of State who reported proudly that he was requesting no more money than he had been given the previous year. "Why could you not cut it in half?" Rooney asked.

The full House Appropriations Committee usually endorses the recommendations of the subcommittee in minutes, rarely taking more than an hour. The House of Representatives itself has changed Congressman Rooney's recommendations of the budgets for the State Department only once during the past six years, and the amount involved then was only $15,000 in a total appropriation of $223 million.

The ritual was observed as usual when Rooney brought the budget to the floor of the House on June 1. There were seldom more than forty representatives present until the bill was voted upon. Most of those who were on hand throughout seemed to be there to chuckle at amendments offered by H. R. Gross (R., Iowa) and Clare E. Hoffman (R., Michigan). Gross and Hoffman propose deep cuts in most budgets automatically, and it is suspected that Rooney himself feeds them the information they use in trying to cut the budget he proposes. The outcome indicates that Rooney can afford this byplay: his bill passed by 256 to 71.

Congressman Rooney feels that this is the proper functioning of an Appropriations subcommittee, and he is rather contemptuous of the proceedings in the Senate hearings. He once commented to a witness that the only matters that come before the Senate Appropriations subcommittee for the State Department are those which are appealed after his own House subcommittee has cut the budget request. The Senate subcommittee does serve most often as an appellate court, and, acting on its recommendations, the Senate votes a bigger appropriation than the House almost every year. The conference committee on the House and Senate bills often splits the difference, but Rooney is said to be able to win on the provisions that he considers most important.

The built-in strength of any chairman helps explain how Congressman Rooney can work his will, but the roots of his power go much deeper. After completing Fordham Law School, Rooney became a real-estate examiner in his native Brooklyn. Later, he established a law practice, specializing in title closing and wills, which demanded equally tedious research. When William O'Dwyer became district attorney of Brooklyn in 1940, he brought along as assistant his friend John Rooney, who, in addition to his experience in detailed investigation, had established a reputation for having a precise legal mind, one that discarded unnecessary elements and got right to the point.

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Judge Samuel Leibowitz said of the work of O'Dwyer's assistant district attorney, "Rooney was a great prosecutor." He demonstrated it by his prosecution of Hymie Caplin, who was the supervisor of a ring of card cheats. Proving card-cheat cases is difficult, but Rooney sought out the victims and was eventually able to show that they had lost a total of more than $2 million. He got much of the evidence by using a man he stills refers to proudly as "my stoolie" and by wiretapping the entire floor of a hotel. Then he hired Mickey ("The Inside Straight") MacDougall to teach him how to handle cards like an expert gambler. Finally, he brought into court the evidence gathered from the victims, the stool pigeon, and the wiretaps, and personally demonstrated to the jury how the card cheats had worked the tricks that fleeced their victims. Caplin was sentenced to five to ten years in Sing Sing.

In 1944, Brooklyn Democratic Leader Frank Kelly decided that Rooney should succeed his good friend Congressman Thomas Cullen, who had died. That was all Rooney needed to win the seat. He seldom has trouble getting re-elected in his heavily Democratic constituency, at least in part because he spends almost every weekend "taking contracts"—Brooklynese for doing favors—in the Third Assembly District Club back home. He was given a seat on the Appropriations Committee in 1946. He was appointed to the subcommittee he now heads, one official says, when he demonstrated that he is harsh on budget requests.

Many of the talents and techniques that Rooney developed while he was an assistant district attorney are apparent in his judgments of budget requests. Although Congressman Rooney has denied that he ever said it to anyone, a reporter wrote not long ago that Rooney claimed to have "stoolies" in State Department posts overseas.

The dispute over the quotation is largely a matter of semantic difference. It is known that when Congressman Rooney travels abroad he gives private dinners for career officials and learns many things about the Foreign Service and its expenditures. Although some of his informants undoubtedly report to him in

the honest conviction that he should be told about what they consider ineffective policies and wasteful practices, many are suspected of currying favor with Congressman Rooney. He is a powerful ally, and it is reported that he has caused some Foreign Service officers to be promoted and transferred even though the State Department had not evaluated them highly. A former State Department official says that pressure from Congressman Rooney kept one of his "correspondents" in a high post in Europe long after his retirement age had passed, and over the protests of State Department administrators.

These methods—constant attention to the State Department's programs and actions, and the adept use of Congressional employees who go into State Department files to fish for evidence that can be used to oppose budget requests—put Congressman Rooney in command of many of the facts about overseas operations. Those who know him and are also well informed about diplomacy question whether Congressman Rooney has any real understanding of the conduct of foreign affairs, but no one denies that he gets results from assiduous homework. "He has no depth at all," a former State Department official said, "but he has a very quick intelligence, and he *knows* the facts."

Chairman as Prosecutor

The way Congressman Rooney uses his knowledge and his experience has, in effect, put him back in his role of assistant district attorney under O'Dwyer in Brooklyn. Rooney is the prosecutor. Although he is sometimes sardonic and amusing during his forays against the State Department budget, Rooney's usual manner is characterized by an exchange during the 1959 hearings. A Deputy Under Secretary of State had begun to answer a question with, "No, sir; because there is a . . ." Rooney cut in: " 'No, sir' is enough." Later, when the same official tried to read a statement on the need to meet the Communist offensive throughout the world, Rooney interrupted him: "So far we have proceeded two pages, and you have not as yet pointed out anything a youngster in high school in the United States is not familiar with."

Congressman Rooney's defenders claim that his arrogance is actually a shield for the Department of State, that he has great affection for it and is protecting it from members of Congress who have a real disdain for the "striped-pants boys." Rooney himself has been privately telling State Department officials the same thing for years. And it is certainly true that when Congressman Rooney breaks into testimony with "These self-serving declarations, Mr. Secretary, do not mean a thing," the other members of his subcommittee find it hard to be more critical.

It is also true, as his friends point out, that Congressman Rooney is a staunch defender of any State Department appropriation when it has reached the floor of the House of Representatives. He has shaped the bill to his liking; it is his. He brooks little opposition from those who would cut it further, in part because he is too well informed to get caught on any item, in part because his

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attacks during the hearings are well known to his colleagues—as are his private imitations of a cultured State Department snob sneering at an uncouth Brooklyn congressman. He is clever in debate, attacking the Department of State even as he defends its appropriation. Few congressmen would suspect him of being excessively friendly to the State Department when he has finished painting a heavily sarcastic verbal picture of "how some of these poor ladies in the Foreign Service have to use their egg money in order to entertain people in various Foreign Service posts."

It is true that Congressman Rooney puts budget officers on their mettle and performs a service by showing the State Department that it sometimes ignores its own regulations regarding transfer funds for Foreign Service officials traveling from one post to another. He once discovered that wastebaskets were being purchased for $27 each, and he turned up duplication in State Department and Department of Commerce facilities for advising businessmen about foreign investments. He is an effective overseer, but he is not content with that role. In the end, the concept of Rooney as Machiavellian defender of the State Department is questionable.

CONGRESSMAN ROONEY'S approach to budget requests affects the State Department's only resource: personnel. It is not so much the size of the cuts he makes—an average of about $20 million a year in the regular requests over the past six years—as it is that Rooney shapes the department itself. Administrators have some flexibility in reallocating the money he gives them, but he also sets limits. According to one official who has dealt with him, Rooney can be adamant. On one occasion, he prevented the State Department from hiring two foreign nationals abroad for combined salaries equal to that paid one American. Trying to conduct foreign relations within the limits Congressman Rooney prescribes has been so difficult at times in the past that some employees have been added without his permission—despite the dire consequences that can be expected in the next hearings.

Mr. Rooney has long had a hand in training Foreign Service officers. Some of the members of the Advisory Committee of the Foreign Service Institute told President Eisenhower at a luncheon in 1958 that fifty per cent of all Foreign Service officials were unable to speak a foreign language because of Rooney's control of the Foreign Service Institute's budget. Soon after this, James Reston of the New York *Times* wrote a needling column about Rooney, who reacted predictably. He invited the Department of State to write a letter supporting him. It was written, of course, and it paid tribute to Congressman Rooney's "unexcelled knowledge of budgetary problems."

The letter mollified Congressman Rooney, but it was no real help to the Department of State. He suspected that Harold Hoskins, director of the Foreign Service Institute, had given Reston some of the information that appeared in the column, one official says. Hoskins had a hard time with Rooney from then on and soon retired.

President Kennedy's effort to woo Congressman Rooney seemed at first to be successful. After two days of persuasion at the Palm Beach conference, Rooney announced to the press that he had agreed to a "sliding scale" of representation allowances for official entertaining by United States ambassadors abroad "in accordance with the need." Two months later, when the Senate Foreign Relations Committee held its hearings on the nomination of Lieutenant General James M. Gavin as ambassador to France, Gavin was asked whether he would be able to pay out of his own pocket $50,000 to $75,000, the usual expenditure of ambassadors to France. General Gavin is not wealthy, but he replied with some assurance, "I am relying on the good judgment of Congress to increase the representation allowance for the embassy."

Congressman Rooney's old friends descended upon him two weeks later. The House was debating a supplemental appropriations bill for the current fiscal year. It included a recommendation by Congressman Rooney's subcommittee that the State Department be allowed $22,000 in representation allowances for new posts in Africa. In tones heavy with sarcasm, Congressman Thomas Pelly (R., Washington) suggested that the recommendation stemmed from the conference at Palm Beach. "Last December," Pelly pointed out, "the papers carried a story to the effect that the gentleman from New York had gone down to Florida and visited with the then President-elect and came up with a statement that we were now going to have a much more liberal attitude."

When Congressman H. R. Gross attacked the "booze fund," suggesting that the embassies could serve lemonade at the Fourth of July receptions, Congressman Rooney answered, "Does the gentleman realize that in many parts of the world lemonade is more expensive than Scotch or bourbon?"

BUT THE IMPRESSION that Congressman Rooney has been won over by the administration is a bit premature. For one thing, as Rooney pointed out during the House debate, the $22,000 representation allowance is to be spread over seventeen new posts—and Rooney had cut down to that from $26,000 that had been requested by the Department of State. President Kennedy, according to all reports, is not pleased with the concession he won at the Palm Beach conference. Congressman Rooney did not actually agree to adjust the representation allowance wherever the need exists but to consider adjustments in the case of each appointment of an ambassador. In effect, when the President sets out to find an ambassador for a high-expense post, Congressman Rooney shares the power of appointment.

If wooing Rooney is "counterproductive," as the State Department has put it, then pointing to the hardships brought on by his policies can have a similar effect. At the close of the hearings on the new State Department budget in April, a reporter called Congressman Rooney. *Time* had just published an estimate that American diplomats will have to pay $700,000 out of their own pockets for official entertainment during the next fiscal year because of Rooney's opposition to increasing representation allowances. "I want to keep an open mind and be fair," Rooney told the reporter angrily, "but if you people in the press keep harping on it I'm afraid you'll make me whack the budget too much."

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The Kalmucks on U. S. 9

JAY JACOBS

ABOUT SIXTY MILES south of New York on the Jersey littoral, an abandoned frozen-custard stand and an American gas station occupy opposite corners of the junction where a dirt road meets U.S. 9, forming the gateway to the community of Freewood Acres. The atmosphere of impermanence common to so many of the communities that have materialized along the eastern seaboard since the end of the war is very evident here. The land appears barren and the houses, for the most part, jerry-built; and institutions for worship and other communal gathering places have the makeshift, anomalous appearance of buildings anywhere that have been requisitioned for functions other than those for which they were designed. Natural and man-made amenities are few; one gets the impression that the community is as ephemeral as a trailer park.

IT WAS getting on toward evening. The boy, Mike, hitched up his shoulders under the constricting black jacket, ducked his head, and drew a comb over his sleek pompadour, describing the same cursive arabesque he had traced five times in the last ten minutes. He inspected his coiffure in a mirror, jerked a thumb toward a framed snapshot on the wall, and said, "Some change since then, huh?" The photograph was that of a small boy: Oriental, solemn, elaborately robed, hairless as a melon.

Mike (an Anglicization of his Kalmuck name, which I was told means "Tuesday") peered out into the grainy near-dusk, asked my opinion of city life, and, without waiting for an answer, said, "I guess things are more exciting in the city, but I kind of like being close to nature." What I could see of nature from the window of the enclosed porch on which we sat was a flat, rutted bulldozed waste. To my eye it was infinitely dreary, and the notion that anyone could really prefer to live here, and even look upon the place as a promised land, was hard to accept. But since my arrival that morning, incongruity had been the order of the day, and if these people found Freewood Acres and its environs almost an earthly paradise, they had, of course, seen places a lot worse in their wanderings over the steppes of Asia.

Today perhaps some two hundred and fifty Kalmucks share this community with other Russian refugees who like themselves have been resettled here since the war by the Tolstoy Foundation, the Church World Service, and the now defunct International Refugee Organization. The Kalmucks' religion is Tibetan in origin. For them the Dalai Lama is a living god and the land of Tibet is the focus of their religious life. They are descendants of western Mongol tribesmen, whose precise geographical origins have been lost in the course of their arduous, peripatetic, and bellicose history. During the Second World War, an indeterminate number of Mongols in Russia defected to the invading Germans. The exact extent of their participation in the German cause probably will never be known—the more articulate Kalmucks and the non-Kalmucks instrumental in relocating them in this country are understandably vague on the subject—but their feeling apparently was that the invaders could not possibly make conditions for them any worse than they already were. Hitler, too, seemed something like a latter-day version of their own greatest leader, Genghis Khan. A sizable number of Kalmucks accompanied the retreating Nazis when the tide turned, and it is they and their children who, after a disillusioning stint in German labor camps and in the DP camps of Western Europe, are now living in Freewood Acres. Originally the Kalmucks, who are with few exceptions of unmixed Mongol stock, had little hope of entering this country under our restrictive immigration quotas, but they were finally granted admission as "Europeans" in 1951. Some four years later their lama, the Reverend Geshe Wangyal, joined them.

His people, he told me, were prospering, and happy to be here. He was a trifle dismayed, however, at the speed with which the younger Kalmucks were becoming Americanized ("Here, 'Utschur' has become suddenly 'Butch' "), and addicted to television. This Americanization has not proceeded in an altogether consistent fashion. A number of the immigrants succumbed to television long before giving up the nomad custom of sleeping on the "ground," wrapped in saddle blankets.

MIKE reached across a boxed Monopoly set, drew a ladle from the pot, and filled my cup with a thin, greasy, faintly aromatic liquid for which I'd developed a marked distaste during the course of the day. "Have some Kalmuck tea," he said. "There'll be some food in a minute." A moment later, Mike's mother appeared, bearing a large platter of *bortsyk*, a sort of cruller that—its tasty appearance notwithstanding—I had earlier found to be absolutely inedible. She set the food on the table and, mustering what I took to be all the English she had, exhorted me to "Eat, eat!" She was a short, pleasant, prematurely aging woman, probably not past forty-five, but immutably alien to this time and place. Her hair fell in two braided clubs, framing a broad, flat, bronzed face—it might have been an Eskimo's or a Pueblo squaw's—in which narrow crescent eyes were set high above salient, burnished cheekbones. She wore a heavy sheepskin vest over her blouse, loosely wound puttees around

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her legs, great furry slippers that rubbed against each other like a pair of Persian cats, and a wide Russian peasant's skirt whose colors unexpectedly reminded me—with a momentary but surprisingly acute sense of loss—of a little tin tea chest I'd played with and forgotten, thirty years before, in the house of a Russian grandmother.

Mike gazed at the tabletop thoughtfully after recounting some helling around (teen-age warfare, hot-rod driving, an inconclusive dalliance with a blonde waitress) he'd done before getting himself "straightened out." The straighteners, it developed, had been his fiancée, a prim and—to judge by the snapshot he repeatedly showed me—pretty student nurse in Philadelphia, and his lama, the Geshe, who looks on Mike's recent engagement with a measure of regret since it necessitated the termination of his preparation for the priesthood. For all his Americanization, Mike had, I learned, shown extraordinary promise during his truncated novitiate. I asked him whether he was still a practicing Buddhist. "Oh, yeah," he replied, "I'm still sort of religious, but I have to sneak around to the temple when nobody's there, now. The old people give me a real hard time. They think I chickened out on becoming a lama."

"What does the Geshe think about it?" I asked.

"Well, he thinks I made a big mistake. But he don't give me a hard time like the other people do."

I TOLD Mike that I'd like to see his temple and he offered to drive me there. He drove with the radio turned up high, cowboyed the car around a number of sharp turns, and spun it to a stop in a swirl of gravel and music a couple of hundred yards off the main highway. I got out. Promising to return soon, he leaned on the horn, cried "Oh, man, this is the life!," and went roaring off, leaving me beside an ungainly cupolaed former firehouse.

The drab exterior of the place in no way prepared me for the bewildering kaleidoscope inside. Everything was a dazzle of color far too complex for the unprepared eye to assimilate at once. It was the eve of the White Day, the anniversary of the death of the sainted founder of the Yellow or Reformed Buddhist sect, and it was almost time for the evening's ceremonies to begin. A monk was preparing the altar. Its base was already obscured by a heap of thoroughly disparate offerings from the lama's parishioners (most of which, I learned later, would be redistributed among them the next morning), including a boiled sheep's skull, a good many jars of *ghee* (a semi-fluid butter), some plastic bags of Bazooka bubble gum and bagels, and so many packages of cookies and biscuits that one might easily have taken the Nabisco colophon for a Buddhist symbol.

The monk (who was wearing the reddest flannel shirt I'd ever seen, banker's gray pin-striped trousers, and blue canvas shoes) was arranging offerings to the Lord Buddha with a fussy precision that seemed a source of amused contempt for an eleven-year-old novice named David, who surreptitiously put the consecrated objects slightly askew every time the man's back was turned. When the monk had finally filled all his silver chalices with grain, water, and sweets (stacks of "creme sandwiches" cookies whose bright primary colors seem to accord with the aesthetics of the Kalmuck ceremonial), the Geshe strolled into the room and casually destroyed the symmetry of the display. (The lama, I was told later, has little use for the meticulous adherence to form by which many of his colleagues set such store, preferring to keep the souls of his flock, rather than the paraphernalia of his religion, in order.)

The lama, a crestfallen monk, and a triumphant David retired to their rooms to robe themselves. An elderly Kalmuck in a business suit saluted the altar by touching his steepled hands to his crown, brow, and breast, and prostrated himself before it three times. He then seated himself in a corner and began to tell his prayer beads, endlessly and almost inaudibly reiterating the *mantra* or incantation *"Om mani peme hum"* ("Hail the Jewel in the Lotus").

The monk returned in a sober maroon robe that in no way diminished the splendor of a pair of Argyle socks whose multicolored brilliance rivaled that of the pendant *rgyal-mtsan* (long, slender, vertical satin banners symbolic of the Buddha's victories over various obstacles). He lighted the candles and began to fuss with the objects set out on the prayer table. I went outside to wait for Mike. The night was cold and very clear. Stars that had witnessed the numberless peregrinations of the Kalmucks down through the ages seemed inextricably tangled in a single gaunt tree on a lawn next to the former firehouse.

A CAR pulled up and Mike hailed me. Together we went back into the temple. By now is was almost filled with worshipers—some chatting and joking, but most, like the elderly parishioner, occupied with their *mantras*—and Mike and I made our way with some difficulty to a pair of folding chairs at the rear of the hall. A number of people stared in our direction, but I couldn't tell whether it was Mike (who had "chickened out on becoming a lama") or I who was the cynosure.

The square well that lay beneath the cupola was defined by four heavy wooden pillars, canopied in peach-colored silk and festooned with a magnificent array of multicolored *rgyal-mtsan,* a profusion of *tankas* (sacred Tibetan paintings), and a number of great spangled, mirrory globes beneath which small well-behaved children—including a startlingly pretty almond-eyed blonde in an Alice in Wonderland dress—wandered from one to another of their praying elders. At the far end of the hall, four young men sat behind a variety of drums, gongs, and cymbals that were ranged before the altar. The altar itself was all but obscured by its mountain of offerings. The least colorful object in sight was a furled American flag.

The monk, the Geshe, and another lama were seated on the floor at one side of the altar. At a signal from the senior priest, resplendent in a golden robe, there was a long silence, broken only by the apiarian hum of the *mantras,* and followed by a startling prolonged moan which presently arranged itself into Sanskrit syllables of increasing tempo and intricacy. The Yidam, female tutelary deities of the lamas, were being invoked. At intervals the senior lama scattered grain from tiny silver chalices onto the floor ("for

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luck," I was told later), and throughout the ceremony all the participants executed an almost unbroken succession of *mudra* (intricate symbolic hand gestures). The members of the congregation continued to pray quietly, lost in the iteration of their *mantras*. One very old lady had been given a prayer wheel but was having some difficulty spinning it properly (reversing the direction of a prayer wheel is sacrilegious). Finally, she passed it to a neighbor and reoccupied herself with her beads.

The monk opened a Tibetan prayer book and read aloud from it, the two lamas falling in in turn, each a line or so behind, as though a round were being sung. From time to time the chanting would subside into a series of deep, hollow, attenuated groans, but gradually the prayers seemed to increase in intensity, and I wondered what sort of climax all this could possibly be building up to. As the tempo quickened, the volume was augmented with brass bells and, finally, with drums, gongs, conchs, and cymbals.

Mike, who had appeared somewhat ill at ease when we entered the temple, seemed to be growing increasingly restive. He wet his lips, fidgeted, ran his hand through his baroque pompadour. Suddenly he rose, muttered something to me, and pushed his way to the aisle. I thought he was leaving, but he hunched his shoulders, abruptly swaggered toward the altar, and prostrated himself before it thrice. He then squatted alongside the lamas and joined in their chant.

An hour or so later the prayers were stopped, one of the priests announced a break, and I went outside. When Mike joined me, he said he was "beat" and was going to call it a night. "You know," he said, "when I heard them praying, something just come over me, and I had to get in the act. I was out of shape, but I still did pretty good. With a week of practice, I'd remember it as good as them lamas."

He got in the car, turned on the radio, and started off with a roar. I could hear the steady clanging of a gong within the temple—and, above it, as the car disappeared into the night, the twisting wail of a hot clarinet.

Gone with the Ghetto

NAT HENTOFF

No matter how determinedly Americanized the children of my generation had become, Yiddish music was still a pervasive undercurrent in Jewish neighborhoods of the 1930's. There were not only the twisting, sobbing chants of the cantors during the High Holidays, but a Sunday-afternoon touch-football game was often accompanied by swirling clarinets and biting trumpets from a eupeptic Yiddish dance band at a wedding across the street.

There were also the traveling Jewish theatrical companies, and alongside my growing store of Duke Ellington and Billie Holiday records was my father's collection of such Yiddish stage stars as Molly Picon and the buoyant Aaron Lebedev, who filled his specialty song, "Roumania, Roumania," with such pulsating, infectious fervor that I was forced to concede there were a few swingers outside of jazz.

These days, aside from elderly Jews and the relatively few young Orthodox (particularly the children of the Hasidim), there is a smaller and smaller audience for Yiddish music. At the marriages of my cousins, a soprano singing "Because," blended colorlessly with the bland good wishes of the Reform rabbi. When another relative was recently "confirmed" (the *bar mitzvah* is becoming a rare ritual), the accompaniment could just as well have been recordings by the Boston Pops. The Yiddish theater continues to struggle fitfully in New York, but it is as surely doomed as Dixieland jazz.

Yiddish music in the future will, I expect, survive mainly on recordings, attracting otherwise totally assimilated Jews with a vaguely caressing nostalgia and also reaching the growing number of non-Jewish listeners who are becoming absorbed in the pleasures and surprises of comparative folk music.

Musically, several of the newer Jewish albums are consistently high in quality; and sociologically, they re-create a nearly vanished way of life. In a collection of folk songs called *If I Were Rothschild* (Monitor MF 332), four Soviet singers alternate in traditional Jewish melodies. The majority of the songs are joyfully exuberant and recall the fact that the Jews of the "old country" often found in music a way to forget for a while the pogroms of the past and the one that might explode next week. The album also contains a spoken track in which Sholem Aleichem's monologue "If I Were Rothschild" is read in Yiddish. (An accompanying booklet contains an English translation; and as in all the albums cited here, there are translations of the song lyrics.) There is music too in the cadences of Yiddish speech, with its wry use of rhythms and its capacity to orchestrate so many kinds of irony.

From 1908 to her death in 1956, Romanian-born Isa Kremer was a successful specialist in international folk music, first in Europe and later in North and South America. She was most effective, however, in Yiddish material, and fifteen of her best recordings in this genre have been reissued by a conscientious and resourceful small company, Collectors Guild, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York, in *Isa Kremer Sings Yiddish Folk Songs* (CGY604). Contemporary counterparts of Miss Kremer in the variety of their repertory and the expressiveness of their singing are the strikingly colorful Rakhel (*Israeli, Yemenite, Greek, and Ladino Songs,* Monitor MFS 350) and the Israeli opera star Netania Davrath. A new collection of songs by the

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 35

by HENRY ALLEN

A. ___ _ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
218 2 152 170 34 82 98 134 60
My Fair Lady lead.

B. _ ___ ___ ___ ___
18 130 144 66 70 Egg-shaped.

C. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
216 121 96 174 46
Goddess of the dawn in Vedic mythology.

D. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
56 138 88 154 116 16 24 208 72 10 48 224
32 94 112 160
Rank of the Acrostician. (7,2,4)

E. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
142 44 12 182 190 132 102 128
Ebb tide. (3,5)

F. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
124 158 64 40 80
Mountain system whose highest peak is Aconcagua, 23,081 ft.

G. _ ___ ___ ___ ___
7 202 186 180 58
"Fame is like a river, that beareth up things light and swollen, and drowns things weighty and____." Bacon, "Of Praise."

H. ___ ___ ___ ___
146 206 14 126
"Soon will the_____carnations break and swell,..." Matthew Arnold, "Thyrsis."

I. ___ ___ _ ___ ___ ___
86 105 8 140 156 52
"Neque semper arcum/Tendit_____." Horace, Odes.

J. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
150 20 192 162 68
A deep hollow or valley.

K. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
110 214 172 76 178
River celebrated in song by Robert Burns

L. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
100 78 196 84 176
"Examine me, O Lord, and prove me: try out my____and my heart." Book of Common Prayer. Psalms.

M. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
114 212 26 200 42
Or keep it as a cistern for foul_____/To knot and gender in! Shakespeare, Othello.

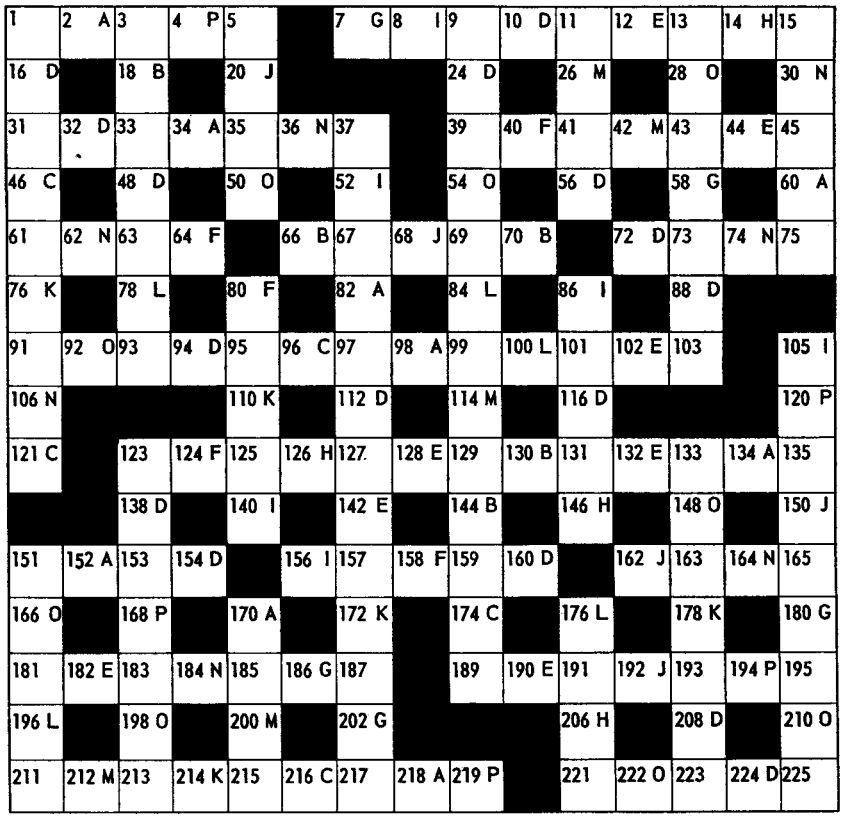
N. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
184 106 36 74 62 30 164
Odious, atrocious.

O. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
166 148 210 54 222 28 198 50 92
Emerald green variety of garnet.

P. ___ ___ ___ _ ___
168 194 120 4 219 Ventures; hazards.

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.



Across

1. These birds may sock a hundred.
7. With 31 Across, area once identified with the Acrostician.
31. See 7 Across.
39. Stress heard by recruits from the drill sergeant.
61. Narrated by a dolt.
66. The sailor loses a point and gets in trouble. (2,3)
72. Marshes have a fence, I hear.
91. A tree range that was not a bull's eye, quite. (4,3,6)
123. Are the lowest ranking soldiers in converse, or is it a tete a tete?
151. Not less than a historian, and greater as a saint.
156. Former singer Ross may lay about two points.
162. Entangle in home shares.
181. Language I wish Al had.
189. Shape after the French? It's terse.
211. A coon's fund perplexes.
221. A pin lowed.

Down

1. Headgear for the figures at Mount Rushmore?
3. Loch Ace finds a channel in the ear.
5. A soffit, no doubt, is gentle.
9. Super-patriot or a man without a country?
11. Suspend part of Orphan George.
13. Let the vet dine. It's as plain as the nose on your face.
15. Airs accords.
37. Thinking it over, it's contempt with a lion.
80. Lose power in the darkest alley.
86. As (5) Zagreb; as (1,4) a light weight.
105. Lacy chips are sometimes nonphysical.
123. Roman earth in a battlefield area.
133. A printer's measure woven just at this time. (4,3)
151. Harmony in the ignoramus' icon.
170. Parisian night club in Venice.
176. French nobleman are up and move swiftly before the wind.

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Russian-born Miss Davrath, *Behold Thou Art Fair and Other Songs of Israel* (Vanguard VRS 9077), is the most glowingly accomplished interpretation of Israeli music I've heard.

Collectors Guild has also made available again vintage recordings by several of the major cantors of the early part of the century. These hazzans were fiercely expressive and had uncanny voice control which extended to exceedingly graceful falsetto acrobatics. For the non-specialist, the most revealing of these albums is *Seven Great Cantors* (CG-600)—Hershman, Kapov-Kagan, Karniol, Katchko, Kritchmar, Rutman, and the remarkable Josef Rosenblatt.

I would also recommend *Song for the Sabbath Day* (CG 603) with the late Cantor David Roitman, who had been trained in Russia. Like many of the best cantors, the dramatic Roitman had a secure, flexible lyric tenor that might have made him an important opera singer.

EVIDENCE that there are American-born cantors with something of the sweep and vigor of the legendary hazzans is *Cantor Harold Klein* (Adina AD-LP-77, 301 East Sixty-third Street, New York). In his early thirties, Cantor Klein officiates at the Sutton Place Jewish Center in New York (the U.N. Synagogue). His voice is warm, his phrasing flows, and he is capable of incisive strength, particularly in the liturgical selections.

Especially valuable and enjoyable among current releases is Collectors Guild's *Joy of the Sabbath* (CGL 616), an album of gentle and sometimes lively Hasidic Sabbath melodies, composed and sung by Ben Zion Shenker with choral background. All but one of the fourteen songs are texts of traditional *zemiroth*, sacred poems to be sung at the Sabbath table. The *zemiroth* have always combined secular folk melodies with religious content and are meant, as one rabbinical authority has put it, to make the Saturday meals "literally a service *of* joy *with* joy." One of the poems goes back to the eleventh century, but the musical settings are all contemporary, a continuation of the Hasidic practice of constantly creating new melodies for traditional texts.

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BOOKS

Two Sides of Utopia

STEPHEN R. GRAUBARD

TO THE FAREWELL ADDRESS, by Felix Gilbert. *Princeton. $3.75.*

This provocative study of eighteenth-century American foreign policy will come as a surprise to those who imagine isolationism and internationalism to be sworn enemies, fighting for the soul of the Republic. Those who believe the roots of isolationism to be ignorance and selfishness, starting from a naïve nostalgia for a secure and stable world which modern technology has destroyed, are certain to be instructed by this small but valuable volume. Dr. Gilbert's argument, briefly stated, is that American isolationism and internationalism are not antithetical but derive from a common Utopian source—the ideas of the Enlightenment—and that neither was adequate to the real problems that confronted the young nation. Alexander Hamilton provided the more traditional and "realistic" policy that the situation demanded; his ideas formed the basis of Washington's political testament, the Farewell Address.

Professor Gilbert suggests that the English who crossed the Atlantic to settle North America came for two reasons principally—to seek material advantage or to realize a Utopian ideal. Early American thinking about foreign affairs tended to reflect these motives. There was intense preoccupation with commerce, to the point where at times it appeared that foreign affairs was nothing more than a series of commercial arrangements necessary for the prosperity of the New World. With this, there was a lively ambition to avoid any action or connection that smacked of Old World diplomatic practices; these were thought to be a form of chicanery which reason and conscience suggested Americans ought studiously to avoid.

As for the "facts of power," which traditional diplomacy took for granted, these particularly the colonist chose to ignore. While European statesmen might regard power as an essential element in diplomacy, shaping all agreements and ultimately determining their efficacy and durability, Americans preferred to be guided by principles of law. Against Indians the colonists would have to use force, but only because the red-skinned tribes were savage, incapable of understanding the rights a charter bestowed. In any case, force would be a matter of a short time only; in the long run, law would prevail. In Dr. Gilbert's words, for the colonist the "world of Law began when the world of Power had ended."

TOM PAINE would have found that sentiment entirely comprehensible and congenial. In the new age that he and others confidently looked forward to, power would disappear, along with rivalry, war, and all the other "unnatural" institutions that caused men to suffer. Paine's tract *Common Sense,* which made such a great stir in the colonies in 1776, was more than a call for political independence; it announced a new foreign and commercial policy —one that would see Americans befriending the world, trading with all nations and making alliances with none. Why should Europe respect these policies? According to Paine, because they were in everyone's interest; particularly in their economic interest.

Had the British chosen not to resist American independence, an opportunity might have been provided for testing Paine's Utopian theories. As things worked out, however, modifications were immediately required. Against Britain's military and naval forces, preparing to bring the colonists back to obedience, some counterweight was called for; France, Britain's traditional foe, seemed a suitable candidate for the role. An alliance would be made after all, but of a new sort, resembling nothing that European monarchs were in the habit of negotiating. The Model Treaty, prepared largely by John Adams, offered France various trade advantages but said nothing about what Americans would do for France should an Anglo-French war develop as a result of the alliance. The proposals, in Dr. Gilbert's words, "were entirely alien to the spirit of the diplomatic practice of the time," and the American negotiators half intended that they should be. Persuaded that the French would place a proper value on the economic concessions offered, they imagined that the price was more than adequate for the friendship sought. In any case, the object of the Model Treaty was to keep America free of Europe, with all of its corrupting influence. These were not men to haggle over boundaries and make secret engagements in the manner of a Louis XIV or a Charles II.

Men motivated by such principles could not fail to recommend themselves to the *philosophes* in Paris. It was as if disciples from a distant planet had suddenly appeared, showing by their dress and manner a becoming modesty and saying what the "enlightened" had long known to be true. In the new diplomacy, which was to be "frank and open," guided by "moral principles," and based on reason, there would be no need for the old-fashioned diplomat or for his sharp practices; these would be relegated to the graveyard of history, along with war and power and all the other relics of the *ancien régime.* American foreign policy in this period emphasized at one and the same time the avoidance of alliances and the extension of commerce. If this showed an isolationist bias, it also suggested idealistic and even in-

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ternationalist tendencies. How could such a contradiction be sustained? Professor Gilbert's words are instructive: ". . . they could be regarded as compatible with each other because there was a common factor between them, though only of a negative character: isolationism existed in a sphere of timelessness; internationalism existed in the future. Neither existed in the world of the present." To see isolationism and internationalism as compatible, to recognize that both derived largely from the same Utopian Enlightenment source, to understand that the nation might prefer one at one moment, the other at the next, and that neither was adequate for coping with real international situations, since both ignored the fact of power, is to say more than the author does, but only what his argument implies.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON saw the dangers of eighteenth-century American Utopianism, and understood that there was no possibility of escaping from power politics. America had to give thought to its proper interests, and this required something other than the reading of the *philosophes*. "No Government," Hamilton wrote, "could give us tranquillity and happiness at home, which did not possess sufficient stability and strength to make us respectable abroad." He did not share in the illusion that "permanent peace between the states is possible."

When Hamilton urged America to play no role in Europe's rivalries, it was not because he believed that such a policy would protect the country and keep it out of all wars or that it would cause Europe to abandon its old and wicked ways, but only that such a policy would serve to maximize United States influence in the Americas, where Hamilton believed it needed to be paramount. He had no fear of the word "power" or even of being called a "realist." As Dr. Gilbert explains, "To Hamilton, sovereign states, competition among them, and power politics were necessary factors in social life; successful political action depended on proceeding according to these presuppositions."

Professor Gilbert makes few attempts to suggest the present-day implications of his eighteenth-century study, but on his last page he goes so far as to say that "America has wavered in her foreign policy between Idealism and Realism," and that "her great historical moments have occurred when both were combined." The temptation to agree with so reasonable a statement is overwhelming; if one hesitates, it is only because one realizes how rare have been the instances of real synthesis. Winston Churchill's words about Woodrow Wilson come to mind: "If Wilson had been either simply an idealist or a caucus politician, he might have succeeded. His attempt to run the two in double harness was the cause of his undoing."

Hamilton may not have cared to be an idealist; this may have been the measure of his strength and insight. Jefferson may not have wished to be thought a realist; this may have been the source of his great power. In an age like our own when too many wish to appear as both idealist and realist, there is a terrible hazard that in a crisis many will prove to be neither.

A Salute To Elmer Davis

LOUIS M. LYONS

DON'T LET THEM SCARE YOU: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ELMER DAVIS, by Roger Burlingame. *Lippincott.* $5.95.

Though Elmer Davis has been dead three years, his words come back timely and timeless. He sounds absolutely contemporary in a 1953 speech announcing that what the local enemies of freedom are against "is no particular administration but government itself, and they are continually trying to weaken its power." At a time that would seem to call "for as high a degree of national unity as is possible in a democracy . . . instead . . . we have a good many citizens who seem to think that the enemy is their fellow citizens who disagree with them, rather than somebody abroad . . ."

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factor in halting its destructive course. But immunity was not achieved when the virus had run its course. The infection spreads again, and again too many are scared to think out loud where they may be heard and smeared to the detriment, if not destruction, of careers. Again it needs to be said with the clarity and confidence of Elmer Davis that "This republic was not established by cowards; and cowards will not preserve it."

His biographer has caught the conviction and candor of Elmer Davis's plain speaking, his searching insight into the fogs and frustrations of the public scene it was his business to survey, and his sinewy style. To reread the essence of Elmer Davis is almost to hear again that flat Indiana voice, calm and contained whatever the pressure and confusion of the newsroom, measuring out the gist of the news in five minutes that told more and made more sense of what it had to tell than any other voice was ever able to do in three times as long.

CHARACTER was the first word for Elmer Davis. But also he was a master craftsman. It was not an accident that he became the greatest reporter of his time, or that when summoned in a world crisis to a new role as broadcaster, in his fiftieth year, he immediately became a national voice to whom millions turned for clarity and sense in the confusions of the times.

The voice came naturally to him, right out of gravelly southern Indiana. Aurora was an undistinguished riverbank town on the Ohio when Elmer Davis was born there in 1890. His father was a cashier in the bank and active in the Baptist Church. His mother and aunt, daughters of an 1848 German immigrant, had both taught in the high school where Elmer prepared for Franklin College in another small Indiana town. Latin and Greek were at the core of the curriculum and a factor in Davis's style. Forty years later a professor of Greek was urging his classes to listen to Davis's broadcasts for "his masterly use of connectives"

He was college editor and wrote plays. He was a top student and won a Rhodes scholarship; so in 1910 he took his Indiana twang to Oxford, companion of Christopher Morley and John Crowe Ransom. There he took his Greats in Greek for an Oxford degree. He got in a summer of travel in the Balkans before coming home. He knew then what he wanted to do—write. He set out for New York to free-lance. His start was mitigated by a ten-dollar-a-week editorship of a magazine called *Adventure* and further eased a year later by a reporter's job on the New York *Times*.

He had ten years on the *Times* of active reporting, which ranged from Billy Sunday's revivals to the Ford Peace Ship. But he was writing before he began reporting and he kept on writing, both fiction and topical articles. His most notable reporting was itself fiction. Davis's chief distinction on the *Times* came from his invention of an old-fashioned character, Godfrey G. Gloom, whose salty comments on the 1920 conventions proved more interesting than the nominations of that inauspicious year. Davis then wrote the *History of the New York Times* for its seventieth anniversary year, 1921. By this time he had two novels under his belt, and in 1923 he left the newsroom to turn again to free-lancing.

But his magazine work, much of it in *Harper's*, was reporting of the broadest gauge, on the national and world scene. It took him abroad, and he was in Europe when Hitler moved into the Rhineland; he then reported for *Harper's* on the rape of Czechoslovakia and the background of Munich.

So it was natural for CBS to call on Elmer Davis for a pinch-hitting job at the microphone when the opening of the Second World War caught the network with its sententious radio star, H. V. Kaltenborn, in Europe. That emergency job found Elmer Davis with the background knowledge, the competence, the maturity, and the style to register immediately as a man in command of the situation. CBS quickly made him a fixture, and his news summary at five minutes of nine became a national habit. No one else on the air put so much meaning into a sentence, so much weight into a word, so much suggestion into an inflection. There was noth-

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ing casual about a Davis broadcast. He wrote it with a sculptor's care at home, to an exactly measured number of lines. Then he got early to the studio for a final check of the late news. If this required an addition, he carved out the requisite number of lines to insert a tightly condensed statement.

But before he began to write, he had spent half the day reporting. Nobody prepared the "news package" for a Davis broadcast. He wrote his own. As much as possible he wrote from firsthand reporting. He attended the press conference or the Congressional hearing himself. Even in handling news that came off the wire, he was his own reporter. He didn't tear off the ticker bulletin and edit it down. He read it from the machine, penciled his own brief note on it, then sat down and wrote the sentences required. Thus his report in every word was Elmer Davis himself. He had assimilated it all. It was as concise, informed, and clear a statement as journalism of any form ever produced in his time. His was the broadcast Ed Murrow listened to in London in 1940 to get the whole sense of the news.

Everything of his life went into this—his Midwestern small-town background where he grew up on the Bible and the ancient world, his travel, his ceaseless reading, writing, digesting, and analyzing, and his unstudied but disciplined art with words—to make each do its share of the work of each sentence.

THE WAR cut off these broadcasts. President Roosevelt then reached for Elmer Davis, as naturally as CBS had done in 1939, to take on the job of informing the nation on the war. For three awful years Elmer Davis fought with the military bureaucracies to get news out, while fighting a rear-guard action with bitter-end congressmen who were sniping and slashing at his Office of War Information. Administration was not his bent. He was not an organization man. He could have done more by staying on his own job of analyzing the news. What he contributed to the government's confused dilemma of news and propaganda, separate or mixed, was the clarity of his own convictions and

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the force of his own character. Probably nobody could have done more or better, even though in the clutches of harassment he seems at times to have fired the wrong people, those whose convictions were most like his own, much as Henry Wallace had done a decade before, when head-on collisions in crises always found the liberals expendable.

From hindsight, it is clear that Elmer Davis should have stayed free during the war. His weapons were his own words, which had now largely to be spent in guerrilla warfare with jealous and secretive government agencies. The administration could have done with smaller-bore artillery, leaving Elmer Davis his full scope.

His return to the air was with ABC, in a longer period of "news analysis" that freed him from the CBS limitation to objective reporting. His biographer says Davis distrusted the whole idea of objective reporting. "It inevitably omitted an element of depth which kept it from telling the whole, three-dimensional truth." Probably what Davis resented was the sterility into which "objective" reporting had fallen in its failure to explore the surface fact, and especially the timidity with which it was applied in broadcasting. There has been a development of depth since 1945, though not enough. McCarthyism was to trap the press in its self-limiting "objectivity" and force it to look behind the quoted "fact." But ABC gave Elmer Davis his head.

The era of investigations set in, and the air was soon full of dead cats. Davis took his stand on the historic right of Americans and their feeling for fair play and horse sense. "I see no sign of such peril to the republic today that we need to throw away the Constitution in order to save it," he said. (President Kennedy said much the same thing in his speech to the publishers this spring.) When McCarthy attained the headlines in 1950 with his charges of 205 or 81 or 57, or anyway five, Communists in the State Department, Elmer Davis stood in the breach, defending nightly the Constitutional rights of Americans. Roger Burlingame brings back this epic in its heroic proportions.

A Priest's Return

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

The Edge of Sadness, by Edwin O'Connor. *Atlantic-Little, Brown. $5.*

What kept *The Last Hurrah* from being a maudlin book was the fact that the eccentric Boston Irish characters who peopled it were never permitted to run away with it. The novel never depended on dialect; no matter how garrulous the speakers, they were never vaudeville Irishmen; no matter how richly comic they were, the author never forgot their background of remembered hardship. What was specifically Boston Irish was important to him, and to the reader, but only in so far as he made it serve the novelist's purpose of throwing a little more light on man's condition. *The Edge of Sadness* is still about the Boston Irish, but it is as if Mr. O'Connor, grown in confidence and in artistry, now feels free to go straight to the heart of his story without recourse to set pieces of extravagant comedy; his wit is quieter now, his touch is more sure; and he produces the people he knows so well without pasting labels on them. This is a deeper novel than the other.

It is a middle-aged priest who tells the story of the Carmody family, and he maintains that it is their story, not his. He is wrong, for when a man is fascinated by a family and its affairs, he may think that he is only watching it and telling about it, amused or saddened by it, but he cannot escape involvement, and the family's fortunes will be his own. It is in him rather than in the family he observes that the greatest changes will occur. One can never live other people's lives; but one cannot live one's own, in any fullness, unless the lives of others finally come to count for the most. The exemplification of this truth constitutes the theme of this moving novel.

After years of separateness, during which he viewed all human activities, including his own, as if they were taking place at an immense distance, the narrator, Father Hugh Kennedy, returns to live in communion with mankind. He had been a popular young priest, busy, far too busy, with good works. Then his father died. He started drinking quietly, and then not so quietly; he was sent out West for a cure. After four years he returned. This is when the story starts.

The Edge of Sadness is not a French novel by a Bernanos or Mauriac: no demons attack Father Hugh; there is no debate about God's existence and no despair; this priest says his Mass, he prays—with difficulty, but he prays. There is nothing more dramatic than the fact that the only man he loved was his father, and in consequence there was the separateness. The Carmody family, which finally breaks down the walls that close him in, is not tormented in the fashion of the French Catholic novels by varied and dramatic lusts: the old man who heads it has done nothing worse than get very rich by being hard on the poor. He tyrannizes his family. These are respectable people. They also are found to be quite unhappy people as, little by little, one Carmody or another reveals his troubles to Father Hugh—they all spring from the absence of love. In this, again, the matter of religion does not enter; it is not because he is a priest that the Carmodys turn to him. The absorbing interest in this relationship, in this breaking down of their separateness and of his, consists precisely in the fact that this is a secular and not a religious novel.

Of course what gives it depth is the author's awareness that these people live beneath the eye of God. The truth is simply that all lives are of considerably more interest when they are related to a system, any system, that provides a standard of immensity against which to measure them. The system can be Thomas Hardy's, somber and disheartening, in which man is despairingly alone beneath the stars. It can also be—why not?—the poetics of Christianity. That is the system Mr. O'Connor employs and it works quite well.

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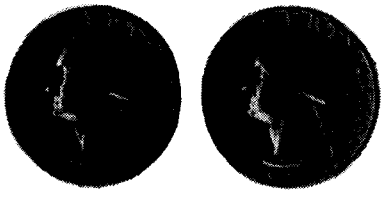

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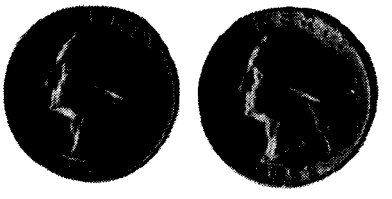

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